

PR  
2750  
C5  
No. 6

PR  
2750.  
C5  
no. 6

Cornell University Library

229-

Cornell University Library

PR 2750.C5

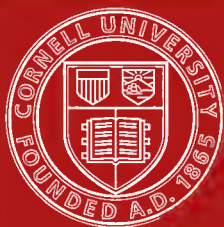
v.6

[Shakespeare-quarto facsimiles]



3 1924 020 326 009

olin



Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924020326009>

SHAKSPERE'S  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR:

*THE FIRST QUARTO,*

1602,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

P. A. DANIEL.



LONDON:

PUBLISHT BY W. GRIGGS, HANOVER STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.

1881

A. 23946

## CONTENTS OF INTRODUCTION.



- § 1. The Quarto editions of the Play. p. iii.
- § 2. Q1 and F1 both from one Original. p. iv.
- § 3. Objections to this View considered. p. v.
- § 4. The true Origin of Q1 : it is a badly reported version of its Original when shortened. p. vi.
- § 5. F1 is also a shortened Version. Q1 and F1 help to complete each other. p. vii.
- § 6. The confusion of Time in Falstaff's meetings with Mrs. Ford. p. viii.
- § 7. The possibly cut-out Plot of Caius and Evans against the Host. p. ix.
- § 8. The Tradition that *The Merry Wives* was written at Q. Elizabeth's command. The Play is after *Henry V.* p. ix.
- § 9. The Tradition of Shakespeare's Deer-stealing, and his Ridicule of Sir Thomas Lucy as Justice Shallow. p. xi.  
The probable Date of the Play is Christmas 1599. p. xiii.
- § 10. The supposed later Allusions in the Plays shown to have no Value. p. xiii.
- § 11. The Table on p. xvi, of Characters present in the several Scenes of Q1 and F1. p. xiv.
- § 12. This Facsimile : its Line-numbers and Marks. p. xv.  
Table of Characters in the Scenes of Q1 and F1. p. xvi.

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

QUARTO (1) 1602.

§ 1. THE earliest notice we have of this play occurs in the books of the Stationers' Company:

"18 Jan. 1601-2.

John Busby.] An Excellent and pleasant conceited Commedie of Sir John Faulstof, and the Merry Wyves of Windesor.

Arthur Johnson.] By assignment from John Busbye a book. An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe and the mery wyves of Windsor."

In this same year a Q<sup>o</sup> edition of the play—no doubt the one referred to in the above entries—was published.

It is this edition (Q<sup>o</sup> 1) which is here reproduced in facsimile.

A second edition (Q<sup>o</sup> 2), a mere reprint of the first, was issued in 1619, with the following considerably modified title-page:—

"A most pleasant and excellent Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe, and the merry wives of Windsor with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson. 1619."

The printer's device on this title-page is Smethwick's: a *smeath*<sup>1</sup> holding in its bill a scroll inscribed *wick*; the motto—*Non altum peto J. S.*

Q<sup>o</sup> 1 was reprinted in 1842 for the *Shakespeare Society*, edited by Mr Halliwell, with Introduction, Notes, &c.

A facsimile of it, done by hand, was also produced by Mr Ashbee under Mr Halliwell's direction in 1866.

It is also reprinted in Vol. i. of the *Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare's Works*, edited by Messrs Clark and Glover, with a collation of Q<sup>o</sup> 2 and of Mr Halliwell's reprint of Q<sup>o</sup> 1 and with a division of the play into 17 consecutive scenes: it should be 18, but by an oversight two scenes are included under No. xii.

Mr W. C. Hazlitt also includes Q<sup>o</sup> 1 in his edition of *Shakespeare's Library*, 1875, Part II. Vol. ii.; reprinting for this purpose Mr Halliwell's edition of 1842, his notes, &c.

<sup>1</sup> As the word *smeath* has dropped out of our modern dictionaries, or is there vaguely said to mean "a kind of sea-fowl,"—the whole range of sea-birds, from a penguin to an albatross, being thus liberally offered to the reader's choice,—it may not be amiss to state that the *smeath* is one of the duck tribe, the pochard, I believe, a good diver, but not a high-flier, as Smethwick's motto implies.



The only modern reprint we possess of Q<sup>o</sup> 2 is in the *Twenty Plays*, &c. published by Steevens in 1766. Not being able to obtain a copy of the 1602 ed. for his collection, he reprinted that of 1619. He, however, subsequently obtained and added to it a copy of the title-page of the first edition.

In these Q<sup>o</sup> editions there is no division of acts and scenes.

The fuller version of the play was first published in the F<sup>o</sup>, 1623 : divided into acts and scenes.

A Q<sup>o</sup> edition of the fuller version was published in 1630 with the following title :—

“The Merry Wives of Windsor, with the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, as also, The swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym written by William Shake-speare. Newly corrected. London : printed by T. H. for R. Meighen and are to be sold at his Shop, next to the Middle-Temple Gate, and in S. Dunstan’s Church-yard in Fleet-Street. 1630.”

A reprint of this, the Q<sup>o</sup> 3 of Cam. edd., is included in Steevens’s *Twenty Plays*, &c.

It is, as is satisfactorily proved by the collations of the Cambridge editors, merely a reprint of the F<sup>o</sup> edition, with a slightly modernized orthography [“Newly corrected”], and is of no authority.

§ 1. The Q<sup>o</sup> 1 here reproduced is very generally spoken of as representing a first sketch of the play, and the version in the F<sup>o</sup> as the play revised and enlarged by its author ; but even if we admit the general truth of this description, it is yet quite certain that neither can be accepted as a perfect representation of its original.

In this respect the text of the Q<sup>o</sup> is self-condemned : in it prose and verse are utterly confounded ; the parts are frequently wrongly distributed ; the dialogue, often incoherent, is sometimes quite unintelligible. Comparison with the F<sup>o</sup> also shows that it omits passages that must have existed in the original it is supposed to represent. On the other hand, it enables us to supply some manifest deficiencies of the F<sup>o</sup> text, and occasionally presents superior readings of F<sup>o</sup> passages, which but for it might not have been suspected of corruption. Each in turn convicts the other as imperfect ; but whether their imperfections are to be attributed to a greater or lesser departure from one common original, or from two authentic versions (*a sketch* and *a completed work*), it is perhaps impossible with certainty to decide. A probable solution of the question is all I propose to myself in these pages.

My conviction is in favour of one common original for both versions.

The notion of its author putting forth first a meagre sketch, to be afterwards laboriously amended and enlarged, seems to me



inconsistent with the marvellous facility manifested in his works and testified to by his contemporaries. The meagreness of the Q° may be accounted for by the well known common practice of the stage of shortening plays for representation, and as *omissions* in it can be proved, this seems to me the more reasonable solution of the question.

§ 3. It is true that in some places corresponding passages of the Q° and F° do not run parallel with each other, as they might be expected to do in a merely shortened version of a common original; but this shuffling of the dialogue is also found in the early Q° of *Henry V.*, the spuriousness of which is now generally admitted, and the weight of the argument that might be founded on it in favour of the "first sketch" theory is much diminished when we find that some of the passages apparently *transposed* for the F° text are in fact evidently *misplaced* in that of the Q°: as, for instance, in Act I. sc. i. (Q°), where Slender, without a note of warning, makes his proposal to Anne Page in lines which are found in the F° in Act III. sc. iv.; yet when, in Act III. sc. iv., he comes a-wooing to her, then it is—"I'faith, I know not what to say." This sc. iv. of Act III. is itself *misplaced* in the Q°, and should, as in the F°, come between the scene (sc. ii.) in which Falstaff escapes in the buck-basket and that (sc. v.) in which he calls for sack to qualify the water he has involuntarily swallowed. Note too the first lines of Act V. sc. i., F°, in which Falstaff tells Mrs Quickly that he will meet at Herne's oak; this scene is absent from the Q°, but its first lines, altered and corrupted, are found in the Q° sc. xviii. = Act V. sc. v., and Falstaff is awkwardly made to say that he *will* venture when he has actually done so. This almost parallels the case of the two French-Camp scenes in *Henry V.*, in which, in the awkwardly made one scene of the imperfect Q°, the sun is brought in at midnight (see my Introduction, *Henry V.*, Parallel texts, N. S. Soc.).

Another and perhaps stronger objection to the notion of a common original for both versions is that in many places, where the same subject matter is dealt with, the divergency of style and treatment is so great that it would seem impossible for both to have been derived from one common source; but here again, if we consider the degradation, the mutilation, the restoration, and corruption generally to which it is well known<sup>1</sup> plays were subject from the time they left the author's hands till their final unauthorized appearance in print, the argument founded on these seemingly essential differences will not, I apprehend, be deemed unanswerable. In my view of the case

<sup>1</sup> See Henslowe's accounts for *mendings, alterations, and adycions* to the works of his play-wrights. Consider also in connection with this subject the *known* corruptions of many of Sh.'s plays by Davenant, Dryden, Tate, Cibber, Garrick, &c.

Heywood's complaint of the way in which works of his were treated may be taken as an answer to it :—

"Some of my plays," says he, "have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, copied only by the ear, that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them" (Address to the Reader, prefixed to his play, *The Rape of Lucrece*).

I can fancy, as I contemplate the Q<sup>o</sup> text of the *Merry Wives*, that Shakspeare himself might have uttered these words in reference to it. I find it, indeed, very difficult to believe him capable, at any time of his career of such a performance as the Q<sup>o</sup>; and Mr Grant White (*Preliminary remarks to Merry Wives*), though believing in it as representing a first sketch, does not hesitate to assert that it "contains much that Sh. could not have written at all." Unfortunately, Mr White does not particularize these non-Shakspearean bits; but as I agree with him in his verdict, I will venture to point out, as a sample, one of the spurious passages by which, I presume, he would justify it; and I select it the rather that it is comparatively complete in itself. Take then the first fifteen lines of the Q<sup>o</sup> sc. xii. = Act III. sc. iv., the dialogue between Fenton and Anne Page. If these lines can be attributed to Shakspeare's pen I must at once give up any pretence to knowledge of his style. But if this is not Shakspeare's work, and is but a specimen of much in the Q<sup>o</sup> that he could not have written, hardly any firm ground for the support of the "first sketch" theory is left, and divergency of style and treatment must be otherwise accounted for.

The true origin of the Q<sup>o</sup> I believe to be as follows :—The play was first shortened for stage representation: to the performance the literary hack, employed by the stationer to obtain a copy, resorted with his note-book. Perhaps he managed to take down some portions of the dialogue pretty accurately in short-hand, or obtained them by the assistance of some of the people connected with the theatre; but for the larger portion of the play it seems evident he must have relied on his notes and memory only, and have clothed with his own words the bare ideas which he had stolen. Be it observed also, as Mr Collier has pointed out, "that John Busby, who assigned *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to Arthur Johnson in 1602, was the same bookseller who [less than] two years before had joined in the publication of the undoubtedly surreptitious [and admittedly spurious] *Henry V.*" To which I would add that for the *Merry Wives* he possibly employed the same note-taker who supplied him with "copy" for the *Henry V.* There is a little peculiarity common to both these quartos which would seem to point to this conclusion. *Shure* for *sure*, *shute* and *shout* for *suit*, *worell* for *world*, occur in both. *Shure* once in *Henry V.*, twice in *Merry Wives*; *shout* once

in *Henry V.*, *shute* twice in *Merry Wives*; *worell* thrice in *Henry V.*, twice in *Merry Wives*. And these peculiarities seem rather instances of phonetic spelling than printer's errors. It must not, however, be forgotten that both these quartos came from the press of T. Creed, and therefore it might be that for these peculiarities, which I attribute to the note-taker, the printer alone was responsible.

In support of the theory that the copy for the Q<sup>o</sup> *Merry Wives* was obtained by witnessing the performance of the play, the elaborate descriptive stage directions are especially noteworthy.

In proof of the play so witnessed being merely a shortened version, the nature of those scenes and parts of scenes which are not represented in the Q<sup>o</sup> should be considered. Most of them are without doubt such as might be cut out without injury to the intelligibility of the story if a shortened version were required, and to that cause their absence from the Q<sup>o</sup> may as fairly be attributed as, on the "first sketch" theory, their presence in the F<sup>o</sup> is attributed to after elaboration; but some of them are provably absent from the Q<sup>o</sup> through *omission*, and all, therefore, are liable to fall under that category.

Instance: in Act IV. sc. v. Simple awaits in the court-yard of The Garter the coming down of the supposed Mother Pratt from Falstaff's chamber. He has two subjects on which to consult her: first as to the chain of which Slender has been cozened; next as to his prospect of obtaining the hand of Anne Page. Sir John's "clerkly" answers lead poor Simple to expect that it will be his master's good fortune to win Mistress Anne, and he retires, saying, "I shall make my Master glad with these tydings" ["I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings."—Q<sup>o</sup>]; but in the Q<sup>o</sup> there is no mention of Anne, and Simple, therefore, is made to say that he will make his master a glad man with the news that he has been cozened of his chain! His retiring speech could only apply to the Anne part of the consultation, and is a clear proof that that part is *omitted* in the Q<sup>o</sup>, not *added* in the F<sup>o</sup>.

Again, in Act I. sc. iv. Dr. Caius's anger against Parson Hugh and his challenge to him is unintelligible in the Q<sup>o</sup> ed., for there no information has been given him that Simple is the parson's messenger; we must turn to the F<sup>o</sup> if we want to understand why the Dr challenges the Parson. A clear proof, therefore, that there is *omission* in the Q<sup>o</sup>.

§ 5. But if the F<sup>o</sup> edition affords us proof of omission in the Q<sup>o</sup>, the Q<sup>o</sup> also, though in a less degree, gives evidence of omission in the F<sup>o</sup> version. In Act I. sc. i. a sentence in one of Slender's speeches—"They carried mee to the Tauerne and made me drunke, and afterward picked my pocket"—found only in the Q<sup>o</sup>, is absolutely

necessary to the sense of the scene, and all editors restore it accordingly. And in several other instances the Q<sup>o</sup> comes in to rescue the text from the corruptions of the F<sup>o</sup>.<sup>1</sup> Comparison of the two versions is, indeed, absolutely necessary to enable an editor to give, I will not say a perfect text, that I am afraid is not to be hoped for, but the best text now obtainable of the play. The help they afford each other is very noticeable. Compare, for instance, the two versions of Falstaff's soliloquy, Act III. sc. v. : "Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames?"—so the F<sup>o</sup>; and one naturally asks, Was a *barrow* of butcher's offal carried in a basket? The Q<sup>o</sup>, however, gives the true reading, and one's perplexity ceases : "Haue I liued to be carried in a basket and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll?"

Further on in this speech the Q<sup>o</sup> *omits*—accidentally, no doubt,—the word "fifteen" in the phrase, "blinde bitches puppies, *fifteen* i'th litter;" and corrupts "mountaine of Mummie" into "mountain of money." On the other hand, it gives the expletives with which Falstaff seasons his speech, which were doubtless struck out of the F<sup>o</sup> version, when it was printed, in compliance with the Act of James I. touching profanity on the stage. This speech is a very instructive instance of the degradation of a passage for which both editions must have had one common original.

§ 6. A very strong proof—to me—of the degradation to which the author's work has been subjected is the entanglement of its plot as regards Falstaff's meetings with Mrs Ford. This entanglement, originating in Act III. sc. v., is caused by what I suppose must have been some managerial attempt to compress two scenes, representing portions of two separate days, into one. In the afternoon of his ducking in the Thames Mrs Quickly invites Falstaff to the second meeting, which is to take place on the following morning; yet, without any break in the action, in the same scene, when Ford enters we find that the following morning has already come. The confusion may be easily cured in the Q<sup>o</sup> edition by simply drawing a line between the Falstaff-Quickly portion of the scene and the Falstaff-Ford portion; and except that it involves the correction of two words in the Quickly portion of the scene inconsistent with the time of day, the scene may be as readily divided into two in the F<sup>o</sup> version, and with the like satisfactory result. This point, however, I have already

<sup>1</sup> "The fact that so many omissions can be supplied from such mutilated copies as the early quartos indicates that there may be many more omissions, for the detection of which we have no clue. The text of the *Merry Wives* given in F<sup>o</sup> 1 was probably printed from a carelessly-written copy of the author's MS."—Note III., Cam. edd. My theory as to F<sup>o</sup> 1 goes somewhat beyond this, and for "carelessly *written* copy of the author's MS." I would say, "carelessly *shortened* copy," &c.

fully discussed in the *Athenæum*, 6th April, 1878, and in the *Time-Analysis* of the Plays, printed in the *Transactions of the New Sh. Soc.* for 1878-9; it reveals, I think, pretty clearly some unintelligent tampering with the play which could hardly be charged on the author himself.

§ 7. In fact, the more closely this play is examined, the less probable does it appear that what has come down to us is a perfect representation of the work as it left the author's hands. Besides the instances I have pointed out, there are indications of another underplot projected and perhaps actually interwoven with it. I allude to the plot by which the reconciled duellists, Caius and Evans, determine to revenge themselves on mine Host for having fooled them. Twice, at the ends of scenes i. and iii. of Act III. [at the end of sc. i. only in Q<sup>o</sup>], do they hint at something they intend, and in Act IV. sc. v., after the Host has lost his horses, they are curiously officious in cautioning him against the thieves: their threatened vengeance and the Host's loss were doubtlessly connected. We might perhaps even suppose that Pistol and Nym, who so unaccountably disappear from the play after the second scene of Act II., were their hired agents in this plot, and personated the "cousin Germans" who bring about its catastrophe; but this, I must admit, is somewhat idle speculation; the plot, if it ever had existence, is irrecoverably lost, and all that can be said with certainty is that something is wanting to render this part of the play intelligible.

§ 8. There are two traditions inseparably connected with this play; consideration of them is so inevitable, not only as regards Shakspeare's life, but also—with which I am here chiefly concerned—in reference to the relation to each other of the Q<sup>o</sup> and F<sup>o</sup> versions of the *Merry Wives* and the date of the play, that I have thought it desirable to give here in full the testimony of the witnesses on whose authority we receive them; and first—

The tradition that the *Merry Wives* was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1702 Mr John Dennis published what he was pleased to consider an improved version of the *Merry Wives*, under the title of "The Comical Gallant," &c. In his epistle dedicatory, speaking of Shakspeare's work, he says, "I knew very well that it had pleased one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world, . . . . This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation."

In 1709 Rowe, in his *Life of Shakspeare*, says of Queen Elizabeth, "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth, that she commanded

him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof."

In 1710 Gildon, in his *Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare*, concludes his notice of the *Merry Wives* thus: "The Fairies, in the fifth Act, make a handsome compliment to the Queen in her Palace of Windsor, who had oblig'd Shakespeare to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a Fortnight; a prodigious thing, when all is so well contriv'd, and carried on without the least confusion."

These three are the only "authorities" for this tradition; later writers do but echo their statements. Whence they received them can only be matter of conjecture; but that some such tradition as they darkly shadow forth was in existence at the beginning of the last century must be admitted. The truth of its main fact—that the play was written at the instance of the Queen—may, however, receive some little independent support from the title-page of the Q°, which expressly states that it was performed before her; and it is to be remarked that with this Q° edition of the play none of the above witnesses appear to have been acquainted, their references to the play being always to the F° version (see Hunter, *New Illustrations*, Vol. i. p. 203).

We have here, then, if—as I incline to do—we accept the tradition, some indication of the time at which the play was first conceived; for by it we learn that Falstaff, and therefore his companions (with one exception), was revived in consequence of his popularity in *Henry IV.* The one exception is Nym, who does not make his appearance in the "Histories" till *Henry V.* If Nym, unlike his fellows, is not a revival, it is clear that the *Merry Wives* must be placed between *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*; but I cannot believe that his position is exceptional. What part does he take in the *Merry Wives* to entitle him to special mention on the title-page of the Q°? He speaks barely 20 lines [in the F° about 35], and disappears altogether from the play after the first scene of Act II. His popularity must have been gained in *Henry V.*, and the Q° editions of the plays in which he appears (*Henry V.*, 1600, *Merry Wives*, 1602) have been pirated in the order of production of the plays themselves.

The supposition—I am loth to call it an argument—that the *Merry Wives* must have been written before *Henry V.*, because in that "history" Falstaff and most of his companions come to their ends, cannot, I think, require serious refutation. To have revived Falstaff in *Henry VI.* after killing him in *Henry V.* would indeed have exceeded the liberty allowable to fiction; but to bring him

again on the stage, fixing for his reappearance a time when Harry was still the mad-cap Prince of Wales, was surely within the competence of the author. And there was reason for it—reason harmonizing with the tradition; Shakspeare had promised his delighted audience at the end of *Henry IV.* that he would once more, in *Henry V.*, present to their laughter the great stage favourite. He failed to do so, and, as Johnson remarks, “this disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship.” Indeed it was much more likely under these circumstances that she should make this demand than that she should do so while Sir John’s reappearance was still in expectation.

It follows, then, that the earliest date for the *Merry Wives* must be the latter part of 1599, *Henry V.* having been produced in the middle of that year.

§ 9. The second tradition relates to Shakspeare’s supposed deer-stealing, his prosecution therefore by Sir Thomas Lucy, his consequent flight to London, and his ridicule, years afterwards, of Sir Thomas as Justice Shallow.

Aubrey (*circa* 1680), be it remarked, has no reference to this tradition; he merely states that—“This Wm. being inclined naturally to Poetry and acting, came to London, I guesse, about 18,” &c.; and the first allusion to the tradition is found in a certain blundering MS. note, said to have been written by the Rev. Richard Davies at some time between 1688 and 1707, in which it is stated that Shakspeare was “much given to all unluckinesse in stealing venison and Rabbits particularly from Sr Lucy, who had him oft whipt & sometimes Imprisoned & at last made him fly his Native Country to his great Advancem<sup>t</sup> but His reveng was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man & y<sup>t</sup> in allusion to his name bore three lowses rampant for his Arms.” The latter part of this note is supposed to allude to Shallow and his “dozen white lues.” Later still, 1709, Rowe writes in his *Life of Shakspeare*:—“In this kind of settlement [his married life] he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; . . . He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was



obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London."

Further on, speaking of Falstaff, Rowe says, "Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he [Shakspeare] has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them."

Here, then, in the testimony of Davies and Rowe—recorded some 70 or 90 years subsequent to the death of Shakspeare—we have absolutely all<sup>1</sup> the evidence forthcoming on this subject: a tradition, unmentioned by preceding witnesses, interpreting the play, itself depending for support on its interpretation of the play.

That the tradition existed when Davies and Rowe recorded it must be conceded; how much truth there may be in it, or whether any at all, can only be matter of conjecture: it is quite possible that it may have arisen from the play itself out of the mere wish to attach some personal interest to what, in the poet's intention, was quite innocent of individual application. We have an instance of this idiosyncrasy of the commentator-interpreter mind in the attempt to make out an allusion in the "Duke de Jarmany" and the "cousin-garmombles" to the visit paid to Queen Elizabeth at Windsor in 1592 by the Duke of Würtemberg (Count of Mümplegart). Already it has become clear that "garmombles" is a telling hit—metathesis-wise—at Mümplegart, and possibly it may become as certain hereafter that the Duke or some of his followers did actually choose some host or hosts out of their horses. A tradition to this effect, with every desirable detail, including ballad accompaniments, might easily be established at Windsor by any one who would take the trouble to inquire of two or three of the "oldest inhabitants" if they had ever heard of the affair. Of course the first inquirer would obtain no information, but the next would be sure to find that they *had* heard of it, as indeed they would have done from the first inquirer, and so the tradition would grow, as in the case of Shakspeare's deer-stealing it very possibly has done.

(For a full account of this "Mümplegart" business see Mr W. B. Rye's *England as seen by foreigners*, &c. 1865.)

The only solid bit of fact, that we know to be so, connecting the tradition with Sir Thomas Lucy is that he gave for his arms *three luces argent*. No one pretends that there is any recognisable like-

<sup>1</sup> I have not of course forgotten the lost ballad mentioned by Rowe, and subsequently "discovered," together with part of another ballad, purporting to be the real Simon Pure: these "discovered" verses, brutal and stupid as they are, contain manifest marks of modern fabrication, and are not worth consideration.

ness between his known character and his supposed caricature in the person of the Shallow of 2 *Henry IV.* and the *Merry Wives*; but when in the latter play we find that Shallow has a *dozen white luses* in his coat, and, moreover, has a quarrel about deer-stealing, it becomes perfectly clear—thanks to the tradition—that Shakspeare did steal Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, and then added insult to injury by punning on his armorial bearings, and ridiculing him as a Shallow. But if we accept this rather malicious proceeding, we must at least suppose that Shakspeare didn't wait till his butt was in the grave to aim his shafts of ridicule at him<sup>1</sup>; and as Sir Thomas died in July 1600, it follows necessarily that the F<sup>o</sup> version of the *Merry Wives*, in which alone is to be found the mention of the *dozen white luses*, must have been produced before that date; in fact, that both Q<sup>o</sup> and F<sup>o</sup> versions—supposing them to be separate works—must have been produced between the middle of 1599 and the middle of 1600. I give but little credit to the Shallow-Lucy tradition, and entirely disbelieve in the "first sketch" theory; nevertheless, if we place the first production of the play say at Christmas 1599, I believe we shall not be far out as regards its date. Much earlier than that date it could not be on account of *Henry V.*, nor would it probably be later, if any faith is to be given to the tradition stating that it was commanded by the Queen.

§ 10. Yet there are in the F<sup>o</sup> version a number of allusions, or supposed allusions, to known facts which would require for it a later date than for the Q<sup>o</sup> version: the reign of James I. rather than that of Elizabeth.

I hope to show that they are of no value in this respect.

In the first place, Falstaff, in Act I. sc. i., says, "Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the *king*?" In the Q<sup>o</sup>—"you'll complain of me to the *Council*." But as the time of the play is laid in the reign of Henry IV., the reference to the *king* or *council* proves nothing, and those who put it forward should at least remember that in the same version of the play it is neutralized by Shallow's constant appeal to the *Council*. Firmer ground for supposing the play to have been written in the reign of a king rather than in that of a queen might have been found in Act I. sc. iv., where Mrs Quickly says of her master, "Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the *king's English*;" though, for the reason given above, I attach no importance to it myself.

Another argument in favour of a later date for the F<sup>o</sup> version is founded on the reference to the Cotswold games; but as it has been shown (see Hunter, *New Illustrations*, Vol. i. p. 201) that Dover instituted these games as early as 1596, that argument may also be set aside.

<sup>1</sup> See Collier's Introduction to *Merry Wives*, Shakspeare's Works, ed. 1858.

Then we have the supposed allusion to the profuse creation of knights by James I. at the commencement of his reign in Mrs Page's remark (Act II. sc. i.)—"These knights will hack," &c.; but as James didn't create any female knights, I reject this allusion. I agree with Staunton that "nothing like a satisfactory explanation of this passage has yet been given;" "there must be in it a meaning more pertinent than this."

Lastly, we have Mrs Quickly's account of the "coach after coach" in which Mrs Ford's suitors visited her; but as it was thought desirable in 1601 to bring in a Bill to restrain the excessive use of coaches within this realm (see Vol. xx., *Archæologia*, p. 465), we may be pretty confident that they were not uncommon before that year, and therefore that no argument in favour of a later date for the F° than for the Q° can be founded on this speech of Mrs Quickly's.

I take it then that there is nothing in the F° version—except, of course, its greater perfection—which would suggest the necessity of a later date for it than for the Q°; while, on the other hand, if any credit at all is due to the traditions cited above, it becomes almost impossible to fix on any other date for the production of both F° and Q° than that which I assign to the original play; the truer, though not perfect, representation of which I see in the F°, while in the Q° I can see but its mutilated and corrupted form.

§ 11. The table on the last page shows the scenes in which the personages of the drama appear. The long dash in the dotted line denotes the F°, the short dash beneath the dotted line the Q°.

In Act III. sc. i. Bardolph is marked as present in the Q°; he is addressed by the Host, but his presence is not otherwise indicated. In accordance with the plot he could not be present, being at this time engaged in introducing Ford, as Brook, to Falstaff at The Garter.

In Act III. sc. ii. Mrs Page is spoken of as present by her husband in the Q°; her presence is not otherwise indicated, and at this time she should be with Mrs Ford preparing the buck-basket for Falstaff. The F° first part of this scene, in which she really appears, is absent from the Q°.

In Act III. sc. iii. Shallow and Slender are included in the *entrance* in the Q°; they could not, however, be present, having left the company in the preceding scene to visit Anne at Page's house.

Act III. sc. iv. and v. The order of these scenes is reversed in Q°.

In Act V. sc. v., in the F° *entrance*, Pistol's name occurs, and he has three speeches assigned to him. His part in the play, however, ceases with Act II. sc. ii.: the occurrence of his name here is pro-

bably due to the fact that the actor who played Pistol doubled his part with that of one of the fairies.

§ 12. On the inner margins of the facsimile text the no. of the Q° scenes (18 consecutive scenes) and the numbers of the lines, in fours, are marked. On the outer margins the corresponding acts, scenes, and lines of the F°. Lines marked with a dagger (†) differ more or less from the Q° text; lines marked with a star (\*) are either altogether absent from the F°, or are such as cannot be paralleled with it. Occasionally, however, I have bracketed starred lines, and referred to passages of the F° which seem to treat of the same subject matter.

In one instance—Q° sc. xiii. l. 42—I have marked a line † which is identical with a line of the Q° 1604 *Hamlet*.<sup>1</sup> The significance of this fact I leave to the judgment of those who are specially interested in the chronology of Shakspeare's plays.

The facsimile is mainly from the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Play; but one leaf, sign. G 3, being out of that, and pages 43 and 53 being imperfect, the facsimiles of those four pages are from Mr Alfred H. Huth's copy, which he has been kind enough to lend for the purpose.

P. A. DANIEL.

<sup>1</sup> What is the reason that you vse me thus?

*Hamlet*, V. i. 312; Q2, p. 90.



A  
Most pleasaunt and  
excellent conceited Co-  
medie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the  
merrie Wiues of *Windsor*.

Entermixed with fundrie  
variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh*  
the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his  
wife Cousin M. *Slender*.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient  
*Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable  
my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her  
Maiestie, and else-where.



L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at  
his shop in Powles Church yard, at the signe of the  
Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.

I 6 0 2.







the matter is put to arbitraments.

The first man is *M. Page*, videlicet *M. Page*.

The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. (tyr.

And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

*Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe,  
and Nim.*

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.

*Fal.* Now *M. Shallow*, youle complaine of me  
to the Councell, I heare.

*Shal.* Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper,  
Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keepers daughter.

*Shal.* Well this shall be answered

*Fal.* Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this.  
This is now answred.

*Shal.* Well, the Councell shall know it.

*Fal.* Twere better for you twere knowne in  
Youle be laught at. (counsell,

*Sir Hu.* Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.

*Fal.* Good vrdes, good Cabidge.

*Slender* I brake your head,

What matter haue you against mee.

*Slen.* I haue matter in my head against you and  
your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They  
carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke,  
and afterward picked my pocket.

*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke  
Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?

*Slen.* I by this handkercher did he. Two faire  
shouell boord shillings, besides seuengroats in mill  
sixpences.

*Fal.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*?

*Pist.* Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue  
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie  
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

*Slén.* By this light it was he then.

*Nym.* Syr my honor is not for many words,  
But if you run bace humors of me,  
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.

*Fal.* You heare these matters denide gentlemeñ,  
You heare it.

*Enter Mistresse Foord, Mistresse Page, and her  
daughter Anne.*

*Pa.* No more now,  
— — — — — ft dinner time,  
For my wife is come to meet vs.

*Fal.* Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,  
If I mistake not.

*Syr Iohn* kisses her.

*Mis. Ford.* Your mistake sir is nothing but in the  
Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.

*Fal.* I shall desire your more acquaintance.  
The like of you good mister is *Page*.

*Mis. Pa.* With all my hart sir *Iohn*.  
Come husband will you goe?  
Dinner staies for us.

*Pa.* With all my hart come along Gentlemen.

*Exit all, but Slender  
mistresse Anne.*

*Anne.*

*As you are (Come, of*

*Anne.* Now forsooth why do you stay me?  
What would you with me?

*Slender.* Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vnckle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

*An.* You say well *M. Slender.*  
But first you must giue me leaue to  
Be acquainted with your humor,  
And after ward to loue you if I can.

*Slender.* Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

*An.* I cannot tell *M. Slender*, I thinke there be.

*Slender.* Ha how say you? I warr:  
a Beare let loose, are you not?

*An.* Yes trust me.

*Slender.* Now that's meate and drinke to me,  
He run yon to a Beare, and take her by the muffle,  
You neuer saw the like.

But indeed I cannot blame you,  
For they are maruellous rough things.

*An.* Will you goe in to dinner *M. Slender*?  
The meate staires for you.

*Slender.* No faith not I. I thanke you,  
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate  
Nere since I broke my shin. He tel you how it came  
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies  
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward  
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

*Enter*

III. iv.  
p 53-9

p 298

p 300

p 303

p 306

p 308

p 311

p 276

p 279

p 293

p 297

p 294

p 296

72

76

80

84

88

92

96

200

Sc. i.

Li.

*the merry wines of wine**Enter Maister Page.*

*Pa.* Come, come Maister *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

*Slen.* I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

*Pa.* You shall not choose I say.

*Slen.* Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.  
*Nay* be God misteris *Anne*, you shall goe first,  
 I haue more manners then so, I hope.

*An.* Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

*Exit omnes.**Enter sir Hugh and Simple, from dinner.*

*Sir Hu.* Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistress *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

*Sim.* I warrant you Sir.

*Sir Hu.* Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.

I will goe make an end of my dinner,  
 There is pepions and cheefe behinde.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter,  
 Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.*

*Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter.

B

Host.

Sc. ii.

I. ii.

Sc. iii.

I. iii.

*Host.* What ses my bully Rooke.  
Speake schollerly and wisely.

*Fal.* Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard bully, *Hercules* cassire.  
Let them wag, trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pound a weeke.

*Host.* Thou art an Emperour *Cesar*, *Pheffer* and  
*Kesar* bully.

Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.  
Said I well, bully *Hector*?

*Fal.* Do good mine Host.

*Host.* I haue spoke. Let him follow, *Bardolfe*  
Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at  
A word. Follow, follow.

*Exit Host.*

*Fal.* Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade  
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,  
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:  
Follow him *Bardolfe*.

*Bar.* I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good  
shift to liue.

*Exit Bardolfe.*

*Pis.* O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket willd?

*Nym.* His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.

*Fal.* Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.

*Pis.* Why then let cybes insue.

*Nym.* I thanke thee for that humor.

*Fal.*

*the merry wines of winnajor.*

*Fal.* Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder  
Boy.

His stealth was too open, his filching was like  
An vnskillfull finger, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humor is to steale at a minutes  
rest.

*Pis.* Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.

*Fal.* Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must cony-  
catch.

Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?

*Pis.* I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

*Fal.* Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what  
I am about.

*Pis.* Two yards and more.

*Fal.* No gibes now *Pistoll*: indeed I am two yards

In the waist, but now I am about no waist:

Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,

I do intend to make loue to *Foord*s wife,

I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she

Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,

And euery part to be constured rightly is, I am

*Syr Iohn Falstaffes*.

*Pis.* He hath studied her well, out of honestie  
Into English.

*Fal.* Now the report goes, she hath all the rule  
Of her husbands purse. She hath legions of angels.

*Pis.* As many diuels attend her.

And to her boy say I.

*Fal.* Heere's a Letter to her. Heeres another to  
misteris *Page*.



Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined  
my exteriors with such a greedy intentiō, with the  
beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would  
a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Here is ano-  
ther Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They  
shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to  
them both. They shall be my East and West Indies,  
and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this  
Letter to mistresse *Foord*. And thou this to mistresse  
*Page*. Weelethriue Lads, we will thriue.

*Pisf.* Shall I sir Panderowes of *Troy* become.  
And by my sword were Steele.  
Then Lucifer take all.

*Nym.* Here take your humor Letter againe,  
For my part, I will keepe the hauior  
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

*Fal.* Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,  
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores :  
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.  
*Falstasse* will learne the humor of this age,  
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted *Page*.

*Exit Falstasse,  
and the Boy.*

*Pisf.* And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch  
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

*Nym.* I haue operations in my head, which are  
humors of reuenge.

*Pisf.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Nym.* By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

*Pisf.* By wit, or sword?

*Nym.* With both the humors I will disclose this  
loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with lallowes,

And

*the merry wines of winajor.*

And theres the humor of it.

*Pis.* And I to *Foord* will likewise tell  
How *Falstaffe* varlot vilde,  
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,  
And eke his bed defile.

*Nym.* Let vs about it then. (on.

*Pis.* Ile second thee : sir Corporall *Nym* troope

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Quickly, and Simple.*

*Quic.* M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?

*Sim.* I indeed that is his name.

*Quic.* How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a  
weakly man :

And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

*Sim.* Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

*Quic.* Kane colour, you say well.

And is this Letter from sir *Ton*, about Misteris *An*,  
Is it not?

*Sim.* I indeed is it.

*Quic.* So : and your Maister would haue me as  
it twere to speak to misteris *Anne* concerning him :  
I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind  
to mistresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know  
that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one  
but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly : For  
I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

*Sim.* I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

*Quic.* Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so :  
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my  
Or else it would be but a woe house. (hands,

*Sim.* I bethrow me, one woman to do all this,  
B 3 Is

Is very painfull.

*Quic.* Are you auised of that? I, I warrant you,  
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,  
And he is such a honest man, and he should chance  
To come home and finde a man here, we should  
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

*Sim.* Is he indeed?

*Quic.* Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:  
Lord blesse me, who knocks there?  
For Gods sake step into the Counting-house,  
While I goe see whose at doore.

*He steps into the Counting-house.*

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*,  
Are you come home sir alreadie?

*And she opens the doore.*

*Doct.* I began I be forget my oyntment,  
VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

*Enter Iohn.*

*Rug.* Here sir, do you call?

*Doc.* I you he *Iohn Rugby*, and you be *Iack Rugby*  
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away  
De oyntment in de vindoe present:  
Make hast *Iohn Rugby*. O I am almost forget  
My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house:  
O *Ieshu* vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?  
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make  
You in my Counting-house:  
Itincky you be a teefe.

*Quic.* *Ieshu* blesse me, we are all vndone.

*Sim.* O Lord sir no: I am no theefe,  
I am a Seruingman:

My

*The merry wives of Windsor.*

My name is *John Simple*, I brought a Letter fir  
From my *M. Slender*, about misteris *Anne Page*  
Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

*Doc.* I begar is dat all? *John Rugby* giue a ma pen  
An Inck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

*The Doctor writes.*

*Sim.* O God what a furious man is this?

*Quic.* Nay it is well he is no worse:  
I am glad he is so quiet.

*Doc.* Here giue dat same to fir *Hu*, it ber ve chalêge  
Begar tell him I will cut his nase, will you?

*Sim.* I fir, Ile tell him so. (may.

*Doc.* Dat be vell, my Rapier *John Rugby*, follow

*Exit Doctor.*

*Quic.* VVell my friend, I cannot tarry, tell your  
Maister Ile doo what I can for him,  
And so farewell.

*Sim.* Mary will I, I am glad I am got hence.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Page, reading of  
a Letter.*

*Mis. Pa.* Mistresse Page I loue you. (reason,  
Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire,  
And I am fat. Yon loue sack so do I:  
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue,  
So I know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes  
A souldier doth not vse many words, where a  
A letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you,  
And so I leaue you.

*Yours Syr. Iohn Falstaffe.*

Now

Now Ieshu bleſſe me, am I methomorphiſed?  
 I thinke I knowe not my ſelfe. Why what a Gods  
 name doth this man ſee in me, that thus he ſhootes  
 at my honeſtie? Well but that I knowe my owne  
 heart, I ſhould ſcarcely perſwade my ſelfe I were  
 hand. Why what an vnreaſonable woolſack is this.  
 He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I  
 thought I gaue ſuch aſſurance with my eies, I de pul  
 them out, they ſhould neuer ſee more holic daies.  
 Well, I ſhall truſt fat men the worſe while I liue for  
 his ſake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of  
 him. But in good time, heeres miſtreſſe *Foord*.

*Enter Miſtreſſe Foord.*

*Miſ. For.* How now Miſtris *Page*, are you reading  
 Loue Letters? How do you woman?

*Miſ. Pa.* O woman I am I know not what:  
 In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in ſuch a  
 caſe in my life.

*Miſ. Ford.* In loue, now in the name of God with  
 whom?

*Miſ. Pa.* With one that ſweares he loues me,  
 And I muſt not chooſe but do the like againe.  
 I prethie looke on that Letter.

*Miſ. For.* Ile match your letter iuſt with the like.  
 Line for line word for word. Only the name  
 Of miſteris *Page*, and miſteris *Foord* diſagrees:  
 Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

*Miſ. Pa.* Why this is right my letter.  
 O moſt notorious villaine!  
 Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?  
 Lets be reuenged what ſo ere we do.

*Miſ. For.* Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.  
 O Lord

*Enter Mistress Nym.*  
 O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,  
 I faith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

*Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.*

*Mis.Pa.* See where our husbands are,  
 Mine's as far from Iealousie,  
 As I am from wronging him.

*Pis.* Ford the words I speake are forst.  
 Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife:  
 When *Pistoll* lies do this.

*Ford.* Why sir my wife is not young.

*Pis.* He wooes both yong and old, both rich and  
 None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife: (poore  
 Faire warning did I giue, take heed,  
 For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:  
*Page* belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall

*Exit Pistoll: (Nym.*

*Nym.* Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,  
 I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:  
 I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym*.  
 Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheefe:  
 And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

*Pa.* The humor of it, quoth you:  
 Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

*Mis.Pa.* How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Pa.* How now man? How do you mistris *Ford*?

*Mis.For.* Well I thanke you good M. *Page*.  
 How now husband, how chaunce thou art so me-  
 lancholy?

*Ford.* Melancholy, I am not melancholy.  
 Goe get you in, goe.

*Mis.For.* God saue me, see who yonder is:

C

Weele

Weele fet her a worke in this businesse.

*Mis.Pa.* O sheele serue excellent.

Now you come to see my daughter *An* I am sure.

*Quic.* I forsooth that is my comning

*Mis.Ba.* Come go in with me. Come *Mis.Ford.*

*Mis.For.* I follow you *Mistresse Page.*

*Exit Mistresse Ford, Mis. Page, and Quickly.*

*For.* *M. Page* did you heare what these fellows

*Pa.* Yes *M. Ford*, what of that sir? (said?)

*For.* Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?

*Pa.* No by my troth do I not,

I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,

Such as rather speakes of enuie,

Then of any certaine they haue

Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps

He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men

Are: But should he loue my wife

Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:

And what he got more of her,

Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,

Why let me beare the penaltie of it.

*For.* Nay I do not mistrust my wife,

Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,

A man may be too confident.

*Enter Host and Shallow.*

*Pa.* Here comes my ramping host of the garter,  
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,  
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host?

*Host.* God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse  
Cauelera Iustice I say. (you.

*Shal.* At hand mine host, at hand. *M. Ford* god den  
God den an twentie good *M. Page.* (to you.  
I tell

*the merry Wives of Windsor.*

I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him cauelira Iustice : tell him bully

*Ford.* Mine Host a the garter: (rooke.

*Host.* What ses my bully rooke :

*Ford.* A word with you sir.

*Ford and the Host talkes.*

*Shal.* Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport  
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hw* are to fight, (shall be,  
My merrie Host hath had the measuring

Of their weapons, and hath (eare :  
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your

*Host.* Hast thou no shute against my knight,  
My guest, my cauellira:

*For.* None I protest : But tell him my name  
Is *Rooke*, onlie for a Iest.

*Host.* My hand bully : Thou shalt  
Haue egres and regres, and thy  
Name shall be *Brooke* : Sed I well bully Hector :

*Shal.* I tell you what *M. Page*, I beleue  
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on :

For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,  
And Church men, yet we are

The sonnes of women *M. Page* :

*Pa.* True maister *Shallow*:

*Shal.* It will be found so maister *Page*:

*Pa.* Maister *Shallow* you your selfe  
Haue bene a great fighter,  
Tho now a man of peace:

*Shal.* *M. Page* I haue seene the day that yong  
Tall fellows with their stroke & their passado,  
I haue made them trudge Maister *Page*,  
A tis the hart, the hart doth all : I

C 2

Haue

204-5 †

207

211 †

213 †

212 †

218-19 †

208-10 †

215

†

217 †

220

†

222-4 †

225-7 †

\*

218 †

II.iii.

48-53 †

II.iii.

43-5 †

232-5 †



Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword  
I would a made you foure tall Fencers  
Scipped like Rattes.

*Host.* Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

*Shal.* Ha with you mine host.

*Exit Host and Shallow.*

*Pa.* Come *M. Ford*, shall we to dinner?  
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

*For.* No in good sadnesse not in mine:  
Yet for all this Ile try it further,  
I will not leaue it so:

Come *M. Page*, shall we to dinner?

*Pa.* With all my hart sir, Ile follow you.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Syr Iohn and Pistoll.*

*Fal.* Ile not lend thee a penny.

*Pis.* I will retort the sum in equipage,

*Fal.* Not a pennie: I haue beene content you  
shuld lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated  
vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and  
your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might a looked  
thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. I am dam-  
ned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good  
fouldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistrisse *Bri-*  
*get* lost the handle of her Fan, I tooked on my ho-  
thou hadst it not.

*Pis.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif-  
teene pence?

*Fal.* Reason you rogue, reason.  
Doeft thou thinke Ile indanger my soule gratis?  
In brieft, hang no more about mee, I am no gybit  
for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner  
of

*the merry wiuues of wmaior.*

of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me  
 you rogue you : you stand vpon your honor. Why  
 thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I  
 can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I  
 my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on  
 the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch.  
 And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue.  
 You, you.

*Pis.* I do recant: what wouldst thou more of man?

*Fal.* Well, gotoo, away, no more.

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Quic.* Good you god den sir.

*Fal.* Good den faire wife.

*Quic.* Not so ant like your worship.

*Fal.* Faire mayd then.

*Quic.* That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother  
 The first houre I was borne. (was  
 Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

*Fal.* Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne  
 household.

*Quic.* Are they so? Now God blesse them, and  
 make them his seruants.

Syr I come from Mistresse Foord.

*Fal.* So from Mistresse Foord. Goe on.

*Quic.* I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you  
 Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter, (dit.  
 And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her cre.

*Fal.* Well, come Misteris Ford, Misteris Ford.

*Quic.* I sir, and as they say, she is not the first  
 Hath beneled in a fooles paradise.

*Fal.* Nay prethy be brieft my good she Mercury.

*Quic.* Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between  
 eight and nine.

C 3

*Fal.*

*Fal.* So betweene eight and nine : (birding,

*Quic.* I forsooth, for then her husband goes a

*Fal.* Well commend me to thy mistress, tel her  
I will not faile her : Boy giue her my purse.

*Quic.* Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you  
From misteris Page :

*Fal.* From misteris Page ? I prethy what of her ?

*Quic.* By my troth I think you work by Inchant-  
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo : (ments,

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee setting the attraction of my  
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments :

*Quic.* Well sir, she loues you extreemly :

And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,  
And her husband giues her leaue to do all :

For he is not halfe so icalousie as M. Ford is. (*Ford,*

*Fal.* But harke thee, hath misteris Page & mistress  
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me :

*Quic.* O God no sir : there were a iest indeed.

*Fal.* Well farwel, commend me to misteris Ford,  
I will not faile her say.

*Quic.* God be with your worship.

*Exit Mistresse Quickly.*

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Sir heer's a Gentleman,  
One M. Brooke, would speak with you,  
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

*Fal.* M. Brooke, hees welcome : Bid him come vp.  
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me :  
A *Lack*, will thy old bodie yet hold out ?  
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony  
Be now a gainer ? Good bodie I thanke thee,  
And Ile make more of thee then I ha done :

Ha

Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue  
I caught you a the hip? go too.

*Enter Foord disguised like Brooke.*

*For.* God saue you sir.

*Fal.* And you too, would you speak with me?

*Fal.* Mary would I sir. I am somewhat bolde to  
My name is Brooke, (trouble you,

*Fal.* Good M. Brooke your verie welcome.

*For.* I faith sir I am a gentleman and a trauelier,  
That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard  
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.

*Fal.* Mony is a good souldier sir and will on.

*For.* I faith sir, and I haue a bag here,  
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.

*Fal.* O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue  
To be your porter.

*For.* That may you easily sir *Iohn*. I haue an ear-  
Sute to you. But good sir *Iohn* when I haue (next  
Told you my grieffe, cast one eie of your owne  
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be  
Such an offender.

*Fal.* Verie well sir, proceed.

*For.* Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife  
Of this Towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman  
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,  
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.

*Fal.* O good sir. (loue

*For.* Nay beleeue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time. Now my  
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue  
I shall hardly liue.

*Fal.* Haue you importuned her by any means?

*Ford.* No neuer Sir.

*Fal.* OF

*Fal.* Of what qualitie is your loue then?

*Ford.* Ifaith fir, like a faire house set vpon  
Another mans foundation. (me?)

*Fal.* And to what end haue you vnfolded this to

*For.* O fir, when I haue told you that, I told you  
For she fir stands so pure in the firme state (all:  
Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked  
Against: Now could I come against her  
With some detectiō, I should sooner perswade her  
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice  
Termes that sheele stand vpon.

*Fal.* Why would it apply well to the veruensie  
of your affection, (ioy?  
That another should possesse what you would en-  
Meethinks you prescribe verie proposterously  
To your selfe.

*For.* No fir, forby that meanes should I be cer-  
taine of that which I now misdoubt.

*Fal.* Well M.*Brooke*, Ile first make bold with your  
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,  
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

*For.* O good fir.

*Fal.* M.*Brooke*, I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no mony Syr *Iohn*, you shall want

*Fal.* Want no Misteris *Ford* M.*Brooke*, (none.  
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,  
Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:  
I may tell you M.*Brooke*, I am to meet her  
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous  
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,  
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how  
I speed M. *Brooke*.

*Ford.*

*the merry wives of Windsor.*

*Ford.* Sir do you know *Ford*? (him not,

*Fal.* Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know  
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they  
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,  
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,  
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues  
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

*Ford.* Meethinkes sir it were very good that you  
*Ford*, that you might shun him. (knew

*Fal.* Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him  
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe  
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator  
Ore the wittolly knaues head, *M. Brooke* thou shalt  
See I will predominate ore the peasant,  
And thou shalt lie with his wife. *M. Brooke*  
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,  
Come to me soone at night.

*Exit Falstaffe.*

*Ford.* What a damned epicurian is this:  
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:

*Page* is an Assle, a foole. A secure Assle,  
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my  
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parson with my cheefe,  
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thē my wife  
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,  
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,  
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.  
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie:  
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,  
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,  
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

*Exit Ford.*

D

*Enter*

280 \*

281-7 \*

288-9 \*

290-8 \*

298-9

300 \*

314-15 \*

317-29 \*

*— parajure Commune, of*

*Enter the Doctor and his man.*

*Doc.* *Iohn Rugby* goe looke met your eies ore de  
And spie and you can see de parson. (fall,

*Rug.* Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,  
But I see a grear many comming.

*Doc.* Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugby*, begar  
Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him. de

*Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.*

*Pa.* God saue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.

*Shal.* How do you M. Doctor? (thee,

*Host.* God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse

*Doc.* Var beall you, Van to tree com for, a?

*Host.* Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to  
see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there,  
to see thee passe the punto. The flock, the reuerse,  
the distiance : the montnce is a dead my francoyes?  
Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon?  
my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

*Doc.* Begar de preest be a coward lack knaue,  
He dare not shew his face.

*Host.* Thou art a castallian king vrinall.  
*Hector of Greece* my boy.

*Shal.* He hath showne himselfe the wiser man

M. Doctor :

Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must  
Goe with me M: Doctor.

*Host.* Pardon bully Iustice. A word monfire

*Doc.* Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.

*Host.* That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,  
vallor

*Doc.*

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH

*Doc.* Begar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglish  
Iack dog, knaue.

*Host.* He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

*Doc.* Claperclawe, vat be dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Doc.* Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,  
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag :  
And moreouer bully, but *M. Page* and *M. Shallow*,  
And eke cauellira *Slender*, go you all ouer the fields  
to Frogmore?

*Pa.* Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?

*Host.* He is there : goe see what humor hee is in,  
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields :  
Will it do well?

*Shal.* We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor

*Exit all but the Host and Doctor.*

*Doc.* Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,  
He is make a foole of moy.

*Host.* Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,  
Throw cold water on your collar, com go with me  
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee  
Where mistris *An Page* is a feasting at a farm house,  
And thou shalt wear hir cried game: sed I wel bully

*Doc.* Begar excellent vel : and if you speak pour  
moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentelmē  
mon patinces. I begar I fall.

*Host.* For the which Ile be thy aduersary  
To misteris *An Page* : Sed I well?

*Doc.* I begar excellent.

*Host.* Let vs wag then.

*Doc.* Alon, alon, alon.

*Exit omnes.*

D 2

*Enter*

64-5 †

67-8

69 †

70

71-2 †

73-4 †

76-8 †

79

80-7 †

82

83-5 †

86 †

\*

88-93 †

94-7 †

98-101 †

\*



*Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.*

*Sir Hu.* I pray you do so much as see if you can  
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,  
Or bring me vrde if you please now. (espie

*Sim.* I will Sir.

*Sir Hu.* Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and  
And then she made him bedes of Roses, (trobes,  
And a thousand fragrant poses,  
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart  
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry  
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,  
To shallow riuers and to falles,  
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

*Sim.* Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,  
Commig hither as fast as they can. (sword,

*Sir Hu.* Then it is verie necessary I put vp my  
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

*Enter Page, shallow, and Slender.*

*Pa.* God saue you *Sir Hugh*.

*Shal.* God saue you M. parson. (now.

*Sir Hu.* God plesse you all from his mercies sake

*Pa.* What the word and the sword, doth that a-  
gree well?

*Sir Hu.* There is reasons and causes in all things,  
I warrant you now.

*Pa.* Well *Sir Hugh*, we are come to craue  
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

*Sir Hu.* What is I pray you?

*Pa.* Ifaith tis this *sir Hugh*. There is an auncient  
friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes  
with

## THE FIRST WIVES OF WINDSOR.

with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily  
griue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler  
well red, and verie perswasieue, we would intreate  
you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

*Sir Hu.* I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

*Pa.* I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.

*Sir Hu.* I had as lecue you should tel me of a messe  
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,  
And he is a coward beside.

*Pa.* Why Ile laie my life tis the man  
That he should fight withall.

*Enter Doctor and the Host, they  
offer to fight.*

*Shal.* Keep them asunder, take away their wea-

*Host.* Disarme, let them question. (pons.

*Shal.* Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack  
our English.

*Doc.* Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga  
And de Jack, coward preest.

*Sir Hu.* Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes  
to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your  
vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing  
your meetings and appointments.

*Doc.* O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *John Rogoby*,  
Haue I not met him at de place he make a point,  
Haue I not?

*Sir Hu.* So kad vdge me, this is the pointment  
Witnes by my Host of the garter. (place,

*Host.* Peace I say gawle and gawlia, French and  
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Wealch,

*Doc.* This is verie braue, excellent.

*Host.* Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,

D 3

Am

55

9<sup>th</sup> fl. ii. \*

106, 114-15 \*

59

60-1

63-4

67-8

70-1

78

79-80

81-2

85-6

87-8

90-2

93-5

96-8

99

100

101

102-3

Am I wise? am I polliticke? am I Matchauil?  
 Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiōs  
 And the porions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu?

No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:

Giue me thy hand tereftiall,

So giue me thy hand celestiall:

So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,

I haue directed you to wrong places,

Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,

*Bardolfe* laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads  
 Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

*Shal.* Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

*Doc.* I begar haue you mocka may thus?

I will be euen met you my lack Host.

*Sir Hu.* Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*

We be all friends:

But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

*Doc.* I dat be vell begar I be friends. (*Exit omnes*)

*Enter M. Foord.*

*For.* The time drawes on he shuld come to my

Well wife, you had best worke closely, (house.

Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:

I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,

And in good time see where they all are come.

*Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor,  
 and sir Hugh.*

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

*Pa.* I thanke you good M. *Foord.*

*For.* Welcome good M. *Page,*

I would your daughter were here.

*Pa.* I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

*Slen.* Father *Page* I hope I haue your consent

For Mistris *Anne*?

*Pa.*

*the merry wines of winnager.*

*Pa.* You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,  
Is altogether for maister Doctor.

*Doc.* Begar I tanck her hartily:

*Host.* But what say you to yong Maister *Fenton*?  
He capers, he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles  
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,  
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

*Pa.* My host not with my cōsent: the gentleman is  
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,  
Let him take her simply: for my goods goes  
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

*For.* Well I pray go home with me to dinner:  
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile  
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me  
*M. Page*, and so shall you sir *Hugh*, and you Maister  
Doctor.

*(two : S Hu* If there be one in the company, I shal make

*Doc.* And dere be ven to, I fall make de tird:

*Sir Hu,* In your teeth for shame, *(fairer*

*Shal:* wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the  
Wooing at Maister Pages:

*Exit Shallow and Slender,*

*Host* Ile to my honest knight sir *Iohn Falstaffe*,  
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*

*Ford.* I may chance to make him drinke in pipe  
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* *(wine,*

*Enter Mistresse Ford, with two of her men, and*  
*a great buck basket.*

*Mis. For.* Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither  
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,  
I hope you know how to bestow it?

*Ser.* I warrant you misteris. *Exit seruant.*

*Mis. Ford.*

*Mis. For.* Go get you in, Well sir *John*,  
I beleeue I shall serue you such a trick,  
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

*Enter Sir John.*

*Fal.* Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?  
Why now let me die. I haue liued long inough,  
This is the happie houre I haue desired to see,  
Now shall I fin in my wish,  
I would thy husband were dead.

*Mis. For.* Why how then sir *John*?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I de make thee my Ladie.

*Mis. For.* Alas sir *John*, I should be a verie simple  
Ladie.

*Fal.* Go too, I see how thy cie doth emulate  
the Diamond.

And how the arched bent of thy brow  
Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,  
Or anie Venetian attire, I see it. (better.

*Mis. For.* A plaine kercher sir *John*, would fit me

*Fal.* By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so :

What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee  
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee : Go too  
I loue thee :

*Mistris Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, like one  
Of these fellows that smells like Bucklers-berie,  
In simple time, but I loue thee,  
And none but thee.

*Mis. For.* Sir *John*, I am afraid you loue misteris

*Fal.* I thou mightest as well saie (Page.

I loue to walke by the Counter gate,

VVhich is as hatefull to me

As the reake of a lime kill.

*Enter*

*Enter Mistresse Page.*

*Mis. Pa.* Mistresse Ford, *Mis. Ford*, where are you?

*Mis. For.* O Lord step aside good sir *Iohn*.

*Falstaffe stands behind the arras.*

How now Misteris *Page* whats the matter?

*Mis. Pa.* Why your husband woman is coming,  
With halfe *Windsor* at his heeles,  
To looke for a gentleman that he ses  
Is hid in his house : his wifes sweet hart.

*Mis. For.* Speak louder. But I hope tis not true  
Misteris *Page*.

*Mis. Pa.* Tis too true woman. Therefore if you  
Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for  
euer.

*Mis. For.* Alas mistresse *Page*, what shall I do?  
Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?

*Mis. Pa.* Gode body woman, do not stand what  
shal I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather  
then you shamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-baf-  
ket, if hee be a man of any reasonable sife, heele in  
here.

*Mis. For.* Alas I feare he is too big.

*Fal.* Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,  
Follow your friends counsell. (*Aside.*)

*Mis. Pa.* Fie sir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.

*Fal.* I loue thee, and none but thee :  
Helpe me to conuey me hence,  
Ile neuer come here more.

E

Sir

*Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes over him,  
the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all  
the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.*

*Ford.* Come pray along, you shall see all.

How now who goes heare? whither goes this?  
Whither goes it? set it downe.

*Mis. For.* Now let it go, you had best meddle with  
buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck, good buck, pray come along,  
Maister *Page* take my keyes: helpe to search. Good  
*Sir Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,  
He shew you all.

*Sir Hu.* By Ieshu these are iealosies & distemperes.

*Exit omnes.*

*Mis. Pa.* He is in a pittifull taking.

*Mis.* I wonder what he thought

Whē my husband bad them set downe the basket.

*Mis. Pa.* Hang him dishonest flauce, we cannot vse  
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your  
Husbands iealousie.

*Mi. For.* Alas poore foule it grieues me at the hart,  
But this will be a meanes to make him cease  
His iealous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increafe.

*Mis. Pa.* Nay we wil send to *Falstaffe* once again,  
Tis great pittie we should leaue him.

What wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.

*Mi. For.* Shall we be cōdemnd because we laugh?  
Tis old, but true: still sowes eate all the draffe.

*Enter. all.*

*Mis. Pa.* Here comes your husband, stand aside.

*For.* I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

*Mis. Pa.* Did you heare that? *Mis. For.*

159  
{  
Sc.iii  
1612  
1639  
1640  
1641  
1642  
1643  
1644  
1645  
1646  
1647  
1648  
1649  
1650  
1651  
1652  
1653  
1654  
1655  
1656  
1657  
1658  
1659  
1660  
1661  
1662  
1663  
1664  
1665  
1666  
1667  
1668  
1669  
1670  
1671  
1672  
1673  
1674  
1675  
1676  
1677  
1678  
1679  
1680  
1681  
1682  
1683  
1684  
1685  
1686  
1687  
1688  
1689  
1690  
1691  
1692  
1693  
1694  
1695  
1696  
1697  
1698  
1699  
1700  
1701  
1702  
1703  
1704  
1705  
1706  
1707  
1708  
1709  
1710  
1711  
1712  
1713  
1714  
1715  
1716  
1717  
1718  
1719  
1720  
1721  
1722  
1723  
1724  
1725  
1726  
1727  
1728  
1729  
1730  
1731  
1732  
1733  
1734  
1735  
1736  
1737  
1738  
1739  
1740  
1741  
1742  
1743  
1744  
1745  
1746  
1747  
1748  
1749  
1750  
1751  
1752  
1753  
1754  
1755  
1756  
1757  
1758  
1759  
1760  
1761  
1762  
1763  
1764  
1765  
1766  
1767  
1768  
1769  
1770  
1771  
1772  
1773  
1774  
1775  
1776  
1777  
1778  
1779  
1780  
1781  
1782  
1783  
1784  
1785  
1786  
1787  
1788  
1789  
1790  
1791  
1792  
1793  
1794  
1795  
1796  
1797  
1798  
1799  
1800  
1801  
1802  
1803  
1804  
1805  
1806  
1807  
1808  
1809  
1810  
1811  
1812  
1813  
1814  
1815  
1816  
1817  
1818  
1819  
1820  
1821  
1822  
1823  
1824  
1825  
1826  
1827  
1828  
1829  
1830  
1831  
1832  
1833  
1834  
1835  
1836  
1837  
1838  
1839  
1840  
1841  
1842  
1843  
1844  
1845  
1846  
1847  
1848  
1849  
1850  
1851  
1852  
1853  
1854  
1855  
1856  
1857  
1858  
1859  
1860  
1861  
1862  
1863  
1864  
1865  
1866  
1867  
1868  
1869  
1870  
1871  
1872  
1873  
1874  
1875  
1876  
1877  
1878  
1879  
1880  
1881  
1882  
1883  
1884  
1885  
1886  
1887  
1888  
1889  
1890  
1891  
1892  
1893  
1894  
1895  
1896  
1897  
1898  
1899  
1900  
1901  
1902  
1903  
1904  
1905  
1906  
1907  
1908  
1909  
1910  
1911  
1912  
1913  
1914  
1915  
1916  
1917  
1918  
1919  
1920  
1921  
1922  
1923  
1924  
1925  
1926  
1927  
1928  
1929  
1930  
1931  
1932  
1933  
1934  
1935  
1936  
1937  
1938  
1939  
1940  
1941  
1942  
1943  
1944  
1945  
1946  
1947  
1948  
1949  
1950  
1951  
1952  
1953  
1954  
1955  
1956  
1957  
1958  
1959  
1960  
1961  
1962  
1963  
1964  
1965  
1966  
1967  
1968  
1969  
1970  
1971  
1972  
1973  
1974  
1975  
1976  
1977  
1978  
1979  
1980  
1981  
1982  
1983  
1984  
1985  
1986  
1987  
1988  
1989  
1990  
1991  
1992  
1993  
1994  
1995  
1996  
1997  
1998  
1999  
2000  
2001  
2002  
2003  
2004  
2005  
2006  
2007  
2008  
2009  
2010  
2011  
2012  
2013  
2014  
2015  
2016  
2017  
2018  
2019  
2020  
2021  
2022  
2023  
2024  
2025  
2026  
2027  
2028  
2029  
2030  
2031  
2032  
2033  
2034  
2035  
2036  
2037  
2038  
2039  
2040  
2041  
2042  
2043  
2044  
2045  
2046  
2047  
2048  
2049  
2050  
2051  
2052  
2053  
2054  
2055  
2056  
2057  
2058  
2059  
2060  
2061  
2062  
2063  
2064  
2065  
2066  
2067  
2068  
2069  
2070  
2071  
2072  
2073  
2074  
2075  
2076  
2077  
2078  
2079  
2080  
2081  
2082  
2083  
2084  
2085  
2086  
2087  
2088  
2089  
2090  
2091  
2092  
2093  
2094  
2095  
2096  
2097  
2098  
2099  
2100  
2101  
2102  
2103  
2104  
2105  
2106  
2107  
2108  
2109  
2110  
2111  
2112  
2113  
2114  
2115  
2116  
2117  
2118  
2119  
2120  
2121  
2122  
2123  
2124  
2125  
2126  
2127  
2128  
2129  
2130  
2131  
2132  
2133  
2134  
2135  
2136  
2137  
2138  
2139  
2140  
2141  
2142  
2143  
2144  
2145  
2146  
2147  
2148  
2149  
2150  
2151  
2152  
2153  
2154  
2155  
2156  
2157  
2158  
2159  
2160  
2161  
2162  
2163  
2164  
2165  
2166  
2167  
2168  
2169  
2170  
2171  
2172  
2173  
2174  
2175  
2176  
2177  
2178  
2179  
2180  
2181  
2182  
2183  
2184  
2185  
2186  
2187  
2188  
2189  
2190  
2191  
2192  
2193  
2194  
2195  
2196  
2197  
2198  
2199  
2200  
2201  
2202  
2203  
2204  
2205  
2206  
2207  
2208  
2209  
2210  
2211  
2212  
2213  
2214  
2215  
2216  
2217  
2218  
2219  
2220  
2221  
2222  
2223  
2224  
2225  
2226  
2227  
2228  
2229  
2230  
2231  
2232  
2233  
2234  
2235  
2236  
2237  
2238  
2239  
2240  
2241  
2242  
2243  
2244  
2245  
2246  
2247  
2248  
2249  
2250  
2251  
2252  
2253  
2254  
2255  
2256  
2257  
2258  
2259  
2260  
2261  
2262  
2263  
2264  
2265  
2266  
2267  
2268  
2269  
2270  
2271  
2272  
2273  
2274  
2275  
2276  
2277  
2278  
2279  
2280  
2281  
2282  
2283  
2284  
2285  
2286  
2287  
2288  
2289  
2290  
2291  
2292  
2293  
2294  
2295  
2296  
2297  
2298  
2299  
2300  
2301  
2302  
2303  
2304  
2305  
2306  
2307  
2308  
2309  
2310  
2311  
2312  
2313  
2314  
2315  
2316  
2317  
2318  
2319  
2320  
2321  
2322  
2323  
2324  
2325  
2326  
2327  
2328  
2329  
2330  
2331  
2332  
2333  
2334  
2335  
2336  
2337  
2338  
2339  
2340  
2341  
2342  
2343  
2344  
2345  
2346  
2347  
2348  
2349  
2350  
2351  
2352  
2353  
2354  
2355  
2356  
2357  
2358  
2359  
2360  
2361  
2362  
2363  
2364  
2365  
2366  
2367  
2368  
2369  
2370  
2371  
2372  
2373  
2374  
2375  
2376  
2377  
2378  
2379  
2380  
2381  
2382  
2383  
2384  
2385  
2386  
2387  
2388  
2389  
2390  
2391  
2392  
2393  
2394  
2395  
2396  
2397  
2398  
2399  
2400  
2401  
2402  
2403  
2404  
2405  
2406  
2407  
2408  
2409  
2410  
2411  
2412  
2413  
2414  
2415  
2416  
2417  
2418  
2419  
2420  
2421  
2422  
2423  
2424  
2425  
2426  
2427  
2428  
2429  
2430  
2431  
2432  
2433  
2434  
2435  
2436  
2437  
2438  
2439  
2440  
2441  
2442  
2443  
2444  
2445  
2446  
2447  
2448  
2449  
2450  
2451  
2452  
2453  
2454  
2455  
2456  
2457  
2458  
2459  
2460  
2461  
2462  
2463  
2464  
2465  
2466  
2467  
2468  
2469  
2470  
2471  
2472  
2473  
2474  
2475  
2476  
2477  
2478  
2479  
2480  
2481  
2482  
2483  
2484  
2485  
2486  
2487  
2488  
2489  
2490  
2491  
2492  
2493  
2494  
2495  
2496  
2497  
2498  
2499  
2500  
2501  
2502  
2503  
2504  
2505  
2506  
2507  
2508  
2509  
2510  
2511  
2512  
2513  
2514  
2515  
2516  
2517  
2518  
2519  
2520  
2521  
2522  
2523  
2524  
2525  
2526  
2527  
2528  
2529  
2530  
2531  
2532  
2533  
2534  
2535  
2536  
2537  
2538  
2539  
2540  
2541  
2542  
2543  
2544  
2545  
2546  
2547  
2548  
2549  
2550  
2551  
2552  
2553  
2554  
2555  
2556  
2557  
2558  
2559  
2560  
2561  
2562  
2563  
2564  
2565  
2566  
2567  
2568  
2569  
2570  
2571  
2572  
2573  
2574  
2575  
2576  
2577  
2578  
2579  
2580  
2581  
2582  
2583  
2584  
2585  
2586  
2587  
2588  
2589  
2590  
2591  
2592  
2593  
2594  
2595  
2596  
2597  
2598  
2599  
2600  
2601  
2602  
2603  
2604  
2605  
2606  
2607  
2608  
2609  
2610  
2611  
2612  
2613  
2614  
2615  
2616  
2617  
2618  
2619  
2620  
2621  
2622  
2623  
2624  
2625  
2626  
2627  
2628  
2629  
2630  
2631  
2632  
2633  
2634  
2635  
2636  
2637  
2638  
2639  
2640  
2641  
2642  
2643  
2644  
2645  
2646  
2647  
2648  
2649  
2650  
2651  
2652  
2653  
2654  
2655  
2656  
2657  
2658  
2659  
2660  
2661  
2662  
2663  
2664  
2665  
2666  
2667  
2668  
2669  
2670  
2671  
2672  
2673  
2674  
2675  
2676  
2677  
2678  
2679  
2680  
2681  
2682  
2683  
2684  
2685  
2686  
2687  
2688  
2689  
2690  
2691  
2692  
2693  
2694  
2695  
2696  
2697  
2698  
2699  
2700  
2701  
2702  
2703  
2704  
2705  
2706  
2707  
2708  
2709  
2710  
2711  
2712  
2713  
2714  
2715  
2716  
2717  
2718  
2719  
2720  
2721  
2722  
2723  
2724  
2725  
2726  
2727  
2728  
2729  
2730  
2731  
2732  
2733  
2734  
2735  
2736  
2737  
2738  
2739  
2740  
2741  
2742  
2743  
2744  
2745  
2746  
2747  
2748  
2749  
2750  
2751  
2752  
2753  
2754  
2755  
2756  
2757  
2758  
2759  
2760  
2761  
2762  
2763  
2764  
2765  
2766  
2767  
2768  
2769  
2770  
2771  
2772  
2773  
2774  
2775  
2776  
2777  
2778  
2779  
2780  
2781  
2782  
2783  
2784  
2785  
2786  
2787  
2788  
2789  
2790  
2791  
2792  
2793  
2794  
2795  
2796  
2797  
2798  
2799  
2800  
2801  
2802  
2803  
2804  
2805  
2806  
2807  
2808  
2809  
2810  
2811  
2812  
2813  
2814  
2815  
2816  
2817  
2818  
2819  
2820  
2821  
2822  
2823  
2824  
2825  
2826  
2827  
2828  
2829  
2830  
2831  
2832  
2833  
2834  
2835  
2836  
2837  
2838  
2839  
2840  
2841  
2842  
2843  
2844  
2845  
2846  
2847  
2848  
2849  
2850  
2851  
2852  
2853  
2854  
2855  
2856  
2857  
2858  
2859  
2860  
2861  
2862  
2863  
2864  
2865  
2866  
2867  
2868  
2869  
2870  
2871  
2872  
2873  
2874  
2875  
2876  
2877  
2878  
2879  
2880  
2881  
2882  
2883  
2884  
2885  
2886  
2887  
2888  
2889  
2890  
2891  
2892  
2893  
2894  
2895  
2896  
2897  
2898  
2899  
2900  
2901  
2902  
2903  
2904  
2905  
2906  
2907  
2908  
2909  
2910  
2911  
2912  
2913  
2914  
2915  
2916  
2917  
2918  
2919  
2920  
2921  
2922  
2923  
2924  
2925  
2926  
2927  
2928  
2929  
2930  
2931  
2932  
2933  
2934  
2935  
2936  
2937  
2938  
2939  
2940  
2941  
2942  
2943  
2944  
2945  
2946  
2947  
2948  
2949  
2950  
2951  
2952  
2953  
2954  
2955  
2956  
2957  
2958  
2959  
2960  
2961  
2962  
2963  
2964  
2965  
2966  
2967  
2968  
2969  
2970  
2971  
2972  
2973  
2974  
2975  
2976  
2977  
2978  
2979  
2980  
2981  
2982  
2983  
2984  
2985  
2986  
2987  
2988  
2989  
2990  
2991  
2992  
2993  
2994  
2995  
2996  
2997  
2998  
2999  
3000  
3001  
3002  
3003  
3004  
3005  
3006  
3007  
3008  
3009  
3010  
3011  
3012  
3013  
3014  
3015  
3016  
3017  
3018  
3019  
3020  
3021  
3022  
3023  
3024  
3025  
3026  
3027  
3028  
3029  
3030  
3031  
3032  
3033  
3034  
3035  
3036  
3037  
3038  
3039  
3040  
3041  
3042  
3043  
3044  
3045  
3046  
3047  
3048  
3049  
3050  
3051  
3052  
3053  
3054  
3055  
3056  
3057  
3058  
3059  
3060  
3061  
3062  
3063  
3064  
3065  
3066  
3067  
3068  
3069  
3070  
3071  
3072  
3073  
3074  
3075  
3076  
3077  
3078  
3079  
3080  
3081  
3082  
3083  
3084  
3085  
3086  
3087  
3088  
3089  
3090  
3091  
3092  
3093  
3094  
3095  
3096  
3097  
3098  
3099  
3100  
3101  
3102  
3103  
3104  
3105  
3106  
3107  
3108  
3109  
3110  
3111  
3112  
3113  
3114  
3115  
3116  
3117  
3118  
3119  
3120  
3121  
3122  
3123  
3124  
3125  
3126  
3127  
3128  
3129  
3130  
3131  
3132  
3133  
3134  
3135  
3136  
3137  
3138  
3139  
3140  
3141  
3142  
3143  
3144  
3145  
3146  
3147  
3148  
3149  
3150  
3151  
3152  
3153  
3154  
3155  
3156  
3157  
3158  
3159  
3160  
3161  
3162  
3163  
3164  
3165  
3166  
3167  
3168  
3169  
3170  
3171  
3172  
3173  
3174  
3175  
3176  
3177  
3178  
3179  
3180  
3181  
3182  
3183  
3184  
3185  
3186  
3187  
3188  
3189  
3190  
3191  
3192  
3193  
3194  
3195  
3196  
3197  
3198  
3199  
3200  
3201  
3202  
3203  
3204  
3205  
3206  
3207  
3208  
3209  
3210  
3211  
3212  
3213  
3214  
3215  
3216  
3217  
3218  
3219  
3220  
3221  
3222  
3223  
3224  
3225  
3226  
3227  
3228  
3229  
3230  
3231  
3232  
3233  
3234  
3235  
3236  
3237  
3238  
3239  
3240  
3241  
3242  
3243  
3244  
3245  
3246  
3247  
3248  
3249  
3250  
3251  
3252  
3253  
3254  
3255  
3256  
3257  
3258  
3259  
3260  
3261  
3262  
3263  
3264  
3265  
3266  
3267  
3268  
3269  
3270  
3271  
3272  
3273  
3274  
3275  
3276  
3277  
3278  
3279  
3280  
3281  
3282  
3283  
3284  
3285  
3286  
3287  
3288  
3289  
3290  
3291  
3292  
3293  
3294  
3295  
3296  
3297  
3298  
3299  
3300  
3301  
3302  
3303  
3304  
3305  
3306  
3307  
3308  
3309  
3310  
3311  
3312  
3313  
3314  
3315  
3316  
3317  
3318  
3319  
3320  
3321  
3322  
3323  
3324  
3325  
3326  
3327  
3328  
3329  
3330  
3331  
3332  
3333  
3334  
3335  
3336  
3337  
3338  
3339  
3340  
3341  
3342  
3343  
3344  
3345  
3346  
3347  
3348  
3349  
3350  
3351  
3352  
3353  
3354  
3355  
3356  
3357  
3358  
3359  
3360  
3361  
3362  
3363  
3364  
3365  
3366  
3367  
3368  
3369  
3370  
3371  
3372  
3373  
3374  
3375  
3376  
3377  
3378  
3379  
3380  
3381  
3382  
3383  
3384  
3385  
3386  
3387  
3388  
3389  
3390  
3391  
3392  
3393  
3394  
3395  
3396  
3397  
3398  
3399  
3400  
3401  
3402  
3403  
3404  
3405  
3406  
3407  
3408  
3409  
3410  
3411  
3412  
3413  
3414  
3415  
3416  
3417  
3418  
3419  
3420  
3421  
3422  
3423  
3424  
3425  
3426  
3427  
3428  
3429  
3430  
3431  
3432  
3433  
3434  
3435  
3436  
3437  
3438  
3439  
3440  
3441  
3442  
3443  
3444  
3445  
3446  
3447  
3448  
3449  
3450  
3451  
3452  
3453  
3454  
3455  
3456  
3457  
3458  
3459  
3460  
3461  
3462  
3463  
3464  
3465  
3466  
3467  
3468  
3469  
3470  
3471  
3472  
3473  
3474  
3475  
3476  
3477  
3478  
3479  
348

*the merry wiles of winnifore.*

*Mis. For:* I, I, peace.

*For.* Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further,

*S. Hu.* By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchin  
Or the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery,  
I am an arrant Iew : Now God plesse me:  
You serue me well, do you not?

*Pa.* Fie M. *Ford* you are too blame :

*Mis. Pa.* Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to suspect  
Her thus without cause.

*Doc.* No by my trot it be no vell :

*For.* Wel I pray bear with me, M. *Page* pardō me.  
I suffer for it, I suffer for it : (now :

*Sir Hu:* You suffer for a bad conscience looke you

*Ford:* Well I pray no more another time Ile tell  
you all :

The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,  
I am sorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,  
Another time Ile tell you all.

*Pa:* Wellet it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all  
To my house to dinner : and in the morning wee le  
A birding, I haue an excellent Hauke for the bush.

*Ford:* Let it be so : Come M. *Page*, come wife :  
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come

*Sir Hu:* By so kad vdgme, M. *Ford* is (in.  
Not in his right wittes :

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Fal:* *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle sack presently :

*Bar:* With Egges fir :

*Fal:* Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these pullers  
In my drinke : goe make haste. (isperme  
Haue I liued to be carried in a basket

E 2.

And



and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slid me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my life I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed:

*Bar.* I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

*Fal.* Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

Now whats the newes with you?

*Quic.* I come from misteris Ford forsooth.

*Fal.* Misteris Ford, I haue had Ford inough, I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

*Quic.* O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

*Quic.* I

*the merry wiles of matrimony.*

*Quic.* I forsooth.

*Fal.* Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think  
Of mans frailtie : Let her iudge what man is,  
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

*Quic* Youle not faile fir ?

*Exit mistress Quickly.*

*Fal.* I will not faile. Commend me to her.  
I wonder I heare not of M. Brooke, I like his  
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

*Enter Brooke.*

*For.* God saue you fir.

*Fal.* Welcome good M. Brooke. You come to  
know how matters goes.

*Ford.* Thats my comming indeed fir *John.*

*Fal.* M. Brooke I will not lie to you fir,  
I was there at my appointed time.

*For.* And how sped you fir ?

*Fal.* Verie ilfauouredly fir.

*For.* Why fir, did she change her determination ?

*Fal.* No M. Brooke, but you shall heare. After we  
had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid  
the prologue of our incounter, who should come,  
but the icalous knaue her husband, and a rabble of  
his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and  
instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke  
you ? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly  
so.

*For.* While ye were there ?

*Fal.* Whilst I was there.

*For.* And did he search and could not find you ?

*Fal.* You shall heare fir, as God would haue it,  
A litle before comes me one *Pages* wife,

E. 3

Giues

(S. vi. l. 52-3  
& 68-9)

50-2 \*

\* of IIii

95-6

\* 58-60 \*

61-70 \*

71-9 \*

80-85 \*

Giues her intelligence of her husbands  
 Approach : and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues  
 Distraction, conueyd me into a buck basket.

*Ford.* A buck basket !

*Fal.* By the Lord a buck basket, rammed me in  
 With foule shirts, stokin's, greasie napkins,  
 That *M. Brooke*, there was a compound of the most  
 Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.

He tell you *M. Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake  
 I suffered three egregious deaths : First to be  
 Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circumference  
 Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head : and then to  
 Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish :  
 A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I  
 Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,  
 To be throwne into Thames like a horseshoe hot:  
 Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister  
*Brooke*.

*Ford.* Well sir then my shute is void ?  
 Youle vndertake it no more ?

*Fal.* *M. Brooke*, He be throwne into Etna  
 As I haue bene in the Thames,  
 Ere I thus leaue her : I haue receiued  
 Another appointment of meeting,  
 Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

*Ford.* Why sir, tis almost ten alreadye:

*Fal.* Is it ? why then will I addresse my selfe  
 For my appointment : *M. Brooke* come to me soone  
 At night, and you shall know how I speed,  
 And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:  
 You shall cuckold *Foord* : Come to mee soone at  
 at night.

*Exit Falstaffe.*

*Ford*

Sc. xi.

III.v.

*Exit omnes.*

For. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision?

100 Maister Ford, maister Ford, awake maister Ford,

There is a hole made in your best coat M. Ford,

And a man shall not only endure this wrong,

But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,

104 *Lucifer* is a good name, *Barbasen* good : good

Diuels names : But cuckold, wittold, godefo.

The diuel himselfe hath not such a name :

And they may hang hats here, and napkins here

108 Vpon my hornes : Well Ile home, I ferith him,

And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,

Ile search vnpossible places : Ile about it,

Least I repent too late:

*Exit omnes.*

Enter M. Fenton, Page, and mistresse

*Quickly.*

(resolue,

Fen: Tell me sweet *Nan*, how doest thou yetShall foolish *Slender* haue thee to his wife?

Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?

4 Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?

Thou knowst that I haue alwaies loued thee deare,

And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. Fenton, you may assure your selfe

8 My hart is fetled vpon none but you,

Tis as my father and mother please:

Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,

12 Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,

But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,

I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,

That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

*Quic:* Godes

Sc. xii.

III.iv.

Godes pitie here comes her father.

*Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.*

*Pa.* M. Fenton I pray what make you here?  
You know my answere fir, shees not for you:  
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.

*Fen.* But heare me speake fir.

*Pa.* Pray fir get you gon: Come hither daughter,  
Sonne Slender let me speak with you. *(they whisper.)*

*Quic.* Speake to Misteris Page.

*Fen.* Pray misteris Page let me haue your cōsent.

*Mis. Pa.* Ifaith M. Fentiō tis as my husband please.  
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

*Quic.* How say you this was my doings? *(you.*  
I bid you speake to misteris Page.

*Fen.* Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,  
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. *(Exit Fen.)*

*Quic.* By my troth so I will, good hart. *(Slender)*

*Pa.* Come wife, you an I will in, wee leaue M.  
And my daughter to talke together. M. Shallow,  
You may stay fir if you please.

*Exit Page and his wife.*

*Shal.* Mary I thanke you for that:  
To her cousin, to her.

*Slen.* Ifaith I know not what to say.

*An.* Now M. Slender, whats your will? *(An.)*

*Slen.* Godeso theres a Iest indeed: why misteris  
neuer made wil yet: I thāk God I am wise inough

*Shal.* Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, *(for that.*  
O thou hadst a father.

*Slen.* I had a father misteris Anne, good vncle  
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of  
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse  
*Anne.*

*Shal.*

48 *Shal.* He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentle woman.

52 *Slend.* I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

56 *An.* O God how many grosse faults are hid, And couered in three hundred pound a yeare? Well *M. Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

*Slend.* I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vncle I shall haue her.

60 *Quic.* *M. Shallow*, *M. Page* would pray you to come you, and you *M. Slender*, and you misteris *An.*

*Slend.* Well Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

*Exit omnes but Quickly.*

64 *Quic.* Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you, But specially for *M. Fenton*;

But specially of all for my Maister.

And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

*Exit.*

*Enter misteris Ford and her two men.*

*Mis. For.* Do you heare? when your *M.* comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your *M.* bid you set it downe, obey him.

4 *Ser.* I will forsooth.

*Enter Syr Iohn.*

*Mis. For.* Syr *Iohn* welcome.

*Fal.* What are you sure of your husband now?

8 *Mis. For.* He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet

F

Enter

49-50 \*  
45-6 \*

47-48 \*

32-3 \*

g. III. ii. \*  
57

115 \*

110-11 \*

IV. ii.

110-11 \*

6-7 \*

8 \*

*Enter mistress Page.*

Godsbody here is misteris Page,  
Step behind the arras good fir Iohn.

*He steps behind the arras.*

*Mis.Pa.* Misteris Ford, why woman your husband  
is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to searh  
for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

*Mis.For.* O God misteris Page the knight is here,  
Whar shall I do?

*Mis.Pa.* Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles  
you make some meanes to shift him away.

*Mis.For.* Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse  
we put him in the basket againe.

*Fal.* No Ile come no more in the basket,  
Ile creep vp into the chimney (ling peeces.

*Mis.For.* There they vse to discharge their Fow

*Fal.* Why then Ile goe out of doores.

*Mi.Pa.* Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

*Fal.* For Gods sake deuise any extremitie,  
Rather then a mischiefe.

*Mis.Pa.* Alas I know not what meanes to make,  
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,  
He might put on a gowne and a musler,  
And so escape.

*Mi.For.* Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt  
Gillian of Brainford, hath a gowne aboute.

*Mis.Pa.* And she is altogether as fat as he.

*Mis.For.* I that will serue him of my word.

*Mis.Pa.* Come goe with me fir Iohn, Ile helpe to  
dresse you.

*Fal.* Come for Godsake, any thing.

*Exit Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.*

*Enter*

*Enter M. Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow, the two women  
carries the basket, and Ford meets it.*

*For.* Come along I pray, you shal know the cause,  
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?  
Set downe the basket you ssaue,  
You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus?

*Mis. For.* What is the reason that you vse me

*For.* Come hither set downe the basket,  
Misteris *Ford* the modest woman,  
Misteris *Ford* the vertuous woman,  
She that hath the ieaious foole to her husband,  
I mistrust you without cause do I not?

*Mis. For.* I Gods my record do you. And if  
you mistrust me in any ill sort.

*Ford.* Well sed brazen face, hold it out,  
You youth in a basket, come out here,  
Pull out the cloathes, searh. (cloathes?

*Hu.* Ieshu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues

*Pa.* Fie *M. Ford* you are not to go abroad if you  
be in these fits.

*Sir Hu.* By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie  
He were put in pethlem.

*For.* *M. Page*, as I am an honest man *M. Page*,  
There was one conueyd out of my house here ye-  
sterday out of this basket, why may he not be here  
now?

*Mi. For.* Come mistris *Page*, bring the old womā

*For.* Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

*Mi. For.* Why my maidens *Ant, Gilliā of Brainford*.  
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house,  
Alas we are simple we, we know not what

(Sc. x. 63-4)

III.iii. 101-2

120-1

122

(Hamlet Vi. 372)

135-8

139-40

141

122, 125, 142

149, 155-6

147-8

127-8

151-3

174-5

177

178-9

180-1

182-3



Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune.  
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

*Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and mistress Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.*

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed.

Sir Hu. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch  
I espied vnder her musler a great beard.

*Ford.* Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

*Pa.* Come weele go for his minds sake.

*Exit omnes.*

*Mi. For.* By my troth he beat him most extreemly.

*Mi. Pa.* I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?

*Mi. For.* No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

*Mi. Pa.* Content, come weele goe tell them all,  
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

*Enter Host and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.

*Host.* The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

*Bar.* Ile call them to you sir.

*Host.* No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them. They haue had my house a weeke at command, I haue turned away my other guesse, They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*, They must come off, Ile sauce them. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slen-  
der. Syr Hu.*

*Ford.*

*the merry wines of winnajor.*

*Ford.* Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I hnuue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.

*Mi. For.* Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done, Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

*Pa.* I missteris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the grieffe, And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

*Mi. Pa.* No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

*Hu.* Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

*Mis. For.* But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde *Falstaffe* so?

*Mis. Pa.* O by no meanes, send to him againe.

*Pa.* I do not thinke heele come being so much deceived.

*For.* Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.

*Pa.* There must be some plot laide, or heele not

*Mis. Pa.* Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice. Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed, That women to affright their litle children, Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge. Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceived, As that he dares not venture to the house, Weele send him word to meet vs in the field, Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head, The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one, And at that time we will meet him both: Then would I haue you present there at hand, With litle boyes disguised and dressed like *Fayries*, For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.

F 3

And

And then to make a period to the Iest,  
Tell *Falstaffe* all, I thinke this will do best.

*Pa.* Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,  
Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

*Mis. Pa.* And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor  
steale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes  
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes?)

*Mis. For.* But who will buy the silkes to tyre the

*Pa.* That will I do, and in a robe of white  
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*  
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,  
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

*Hu.* So kad vdge me the deuises is excellent.  
I will also be there, and be like a *Jackanapes*,  
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

*Mis. Pa.* Why then we are reuenged sufficiently.  
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,  
Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

*Mi. For.* Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

*Pa.* Well lets about this stratagem, I long  
To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

*For.* Well send to *Falstaffe*, and if he come thither,  
I will make vs smile and laugh one moneth togi-  
ther.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Host and Simple.* (skin?)

*Host.* What would thou haue boore, what thicke-  
speake, breath, discus, short, quick, brieft, snap.

*Sim.* Sir, I am sent frō my M. to sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

*Host.* Sir *Iohn*, theres his Castle, his standing bed,  
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with  
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock,  
heel speak like an Antripophiginian to thee:

Knocke

36

40

44

48

52

Sc. xvi.

4

Knock I say.

*Sim.* Sir I should speak with an old woman that went vp into his chamber.

*Host.* An old woman, the knight may be robbed, Ile call bully knight, bully sir *Iohn*. Speake from thy Lungs military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.

*Fal.* Now mine Host.

*Host.* Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descēd bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable, pah priuasie, sic.

*Fal.* Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with But she is gone. (me,

*Enter Sir Iohn.*

*Sim.* Pray sir was it not the wise woman of *Brainford*?

*Fal.* Marry was it Mussellshell, what would you?

*Sim.* Marry sir my maister *Slender* sent me to her. To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine, Cousoned him of it, or no.

*Fal.* I talked with the woman about it.

*Sim.* And I pray sir what ses she?

*Fal.* Marry she ses the very same man that Beguiled maister *Slender* of his chaine, Cousoned him of it.

*Sim.* May I be bolde to tell my maister so sir?

*Fal.* I tike, who more bolde.

*Sim.* I thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings, God be with you sir.

*Host.* Thou art clarkly sir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly, Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Marry was there mine host, one that taught Me

\* 61-2 { Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,  
 And I paid nothing for it,  
 63 But was paid for my learning.

*Enter Bardolfe.*

\* 64 *Bar.* O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

65-6 { *Host.* Why man, where be my horses? where be  
 the Germanes?

\* 67-70 { *Bar.* Rid away with your horses:  
 After I came beyond Maidenhead,  
 They flung me in a flow of myre, & away they ran.

*Enter Doctor.*

\* 85 *Doc.* Where be my Host de gartyre?

\* 86 *Host.* O here sir in perplexitie.

\* 88 *Doc.* I cannot tell vad be dad,  
 \* But begar I will tell you van ting,  
 \* Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,  
 \* 89-97 { Has cosened all de host of *Branford*,

\* 97 { And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,  
 Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Hugh.*

\* 75 *Sir Hu.* Where is mine Host of the gartyr?  
 \* Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,  
 \* To haue a care of your entertainments,  
 \* 77 { For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,  
 \* 79-86 { Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,  
 Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beg-  
 gerly lowsie knaue beside:

\* And can point wrong places,  
 \* Itell you for good will, grate why mine Host. *Exit.*

\* 93-5 { *Host.* I am cosened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*.

\* Sweet knight assist me, I am cosened. *Exit.*

\* 96 { *Fal.* Would all the worell were cosened for me,  
 For

For I am couloured and beaten too.  
 Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore  
 My selfe at *Primero* : and my winde  
 Were but long inough to say my prayers,  
 Ide repent, now from whence come you?

*Enter Mistrresse Quickly.*

*Quic.* From the two parties forsooth.

*Fal.* The diuell take the one partie,  
 And his dam the other,  
 And theyle be both bestowed.  
 I haue endured more for their sakes,  
 Then man is able to endure.

*Quic.* O Lord sir, they are the sorowfull creatures  
 That euer liued : specially mistrresse *Ford*,  
 Her husband hath beaten her that she is all  
 Blacke and blew poore soule.

*Fal.* What tellest me of blacke and blew,  
 I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,  
 And in my escape like to a bene apprehended  
 For a witch of *Brainford*, and set in the stockes.

*Quic.* Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,  
 And I hope when you heare my errant,  
 Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

*Fal.* Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile  
 heare thee.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Host and Fenton.*

*Host.* Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,  
 I haue had a great losse.

*Fen.* Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,  
 Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

*Host.* Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your  
 counsell.

*Fen.* Thē thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,  
 G The

97 \*

104-7 \*

108

109-13 \*

\*

115-17 \*

118-21 \*

124 \*

\*

\*

\*

135 \*

IV.vi.

1-2 \*

\*

3-5 \*

6-7 \*

\*

The teruent loue & deare to young *Nan* & age,

And mutally her loue againe to mee :

But her father still against her choise,

Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish *Slender*,

And in a robe of white this night disguised,

Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mightie scare,

Must *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,

And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.

Now her mother still against that match,

And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red

By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,

And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

*Hof.* Now which means she to deceiue, father or mother?

*Fen.* Both my good *Hof*, to go along with me.

Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,

And tarrie readie at the appointment place,

To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among the?)

*Hof.* But how will you come to steale her from

*Fen.* That hath sweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,

And by a robe of white, the which she weares,

With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,

I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence,

And bring her where the priest abides our coming,

And by thy furtherance there be married.

*Hof.* Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,

Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

*Fen.* So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee.

Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.*

*Fal.* This is the third time, well Ile venter,

They say there is good luck in old numbers,

*Ioue* transformed himselfe into a bull,

And

And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest  
In all *Windsor* forrest: well I stand here  
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

*Enter mistress Page, and mistress Ford.*

*Mis. Pa.* Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

*Fal.* Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?  
Welcome Ladies.

*Mi. For.* I I sir *Iohn*, I see you will not faile,  
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,  
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

*Fal.* This makes amends for all.

Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,  
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,  
Do I speake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

*Mis. Pa.* God forgieue me, what noise is this?

*There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.*

*Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries,  
mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they  
sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*

*Quic:* You Fayries that do haunt these shady  
Looke round about the wood if you can espie  
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:  
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,  
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:  
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

*Sir Hu.* Come hither *Peane*, go to the countrie  
houses,

And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,  
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,  
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,



And I weare to mend her sluttish hulwiterie.

*Fai.* I warrant you I will performe your will.

*Hu.* Where is *Pead*? go you & see where Brokers  
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase, (sleep,  
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,  
And pinch the lowfie Seriants face:  
Spare none of these when they are a bed,  
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.

*Quic.* Away begon, his mind fulfill,  
And looke that none of you stand still.  
Some do that thing, some do this,  
All do something, none amis.

*Hir Hu.* I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.

*Quic.* Looke every one about this round,  
And if that any here be found,  
For his presumption in this place,  
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

*Sir Hu.* See I haue spied one by good luck,  
His bodie man, his head a buck.

*Fal.* God send me good fortune now, and I care

*Quic.* Go strait, and do as I commaund, (not.  
And take a Taper in your hand,  
And set it to his fingers endes,  
And if you see it him offends,  
And that he starteth at the flame,  
Then is he mortall, know his name:  
If with an F. it doth begin,  
Why then be shure he is full of sin.  
About it then, and know the truth,  
Of this same metamorphis'd youth.

*Sir Hu.* Giue me the Tapers, I will try  
And if that he loue venery.

*They*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*

*Sir Hu.* It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries  
and iniquitie.

*Quic.* A little distant from him stand,  
And euery one take hand in hand,  
And compasse him within a ring,  
First pinch him well, and after sing.

*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

*Fal.* Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?  
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:  
What hunting at this time at night?

*He* lay my life the mad Prince of Wales  
Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue  
we here, what is all *Windsor* stirring? Are you there?

*Shal.* God saue you sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

*Sir Hu.* God plesse you sir *Iohn*, God plesse you,

*Pa.* Why how now sir *Iohn*, what a pair of horns  
in your hand?

*Ford.* Those hornes he ment to place vpon my  
And *M. Brooke* and he should be the men: (head  
Why how now sir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?  
We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,  
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

G 3 And

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

And whats to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.

*Mi. Pa.* Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishonest meanes

To call our credits into question,

Did make vs vndertake to our best,

To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.

*Fal.* Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares

To be gulled now, now to be ridden?

Why then these were not *Fairies*?

*Mis. Pa.* No sir *Iohn* but boyes.

*Fal.* By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the  
They were not, and yet the grosnesse (mind  
Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.

Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,

Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,

That thayle melt me out like tallow,

Drop by drop out of my greafe. Boyes!

*Sir Hu.* I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was

Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.

*Fal.* I, tis well I am your May-pole,

You haue the start of mee,

Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?

With a peece of toasted cheeser?

*Sir Hu.* Butter is better then cheefe sir *Iohn*,

You are all butter, butter.

*For.* There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,

There's 20. pound you borrowed of *M. Brooke* Sir

And it must be paid to *M. Ford* Sir *Iohn*. (*Iohn*,

*Mi. For.* Nay husband let that go to make amēds,

Forgiue that sum, and so wee le all be friends.

*For.* Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.

*Fal.* It hath cost me well,

I haue bene well pinched and washed.

*Enter*

*Enter the Doc.*

*Mi. Pa.* Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.

*Doct.* Sonne begar you be de ville voman,  
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar  
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.

*Mis. Pa.* How a boy?

*Doct.* I begar a boy.

*Pa.* Nay be not angry wife, I tell thee true,  
It was my plot to deceiue thee so :

And by this time your daughter's married  
To M. *Slender*, and see where he comes.

*Enter Slender.*

Now sonne *Slender*,  
Where's your bride?

*Slen.* Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke theres neuer a  
man in the worrell hath that crosse fortune that I  
haue : begod I could cry for verie anger.

*Pa.* Why whats the matter sonne *Slender*?

*Slen.* Sonne, nay by God I am none of your son.

*Pa.* No, why so? (married.)

*Slen.* Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue

*Pa.* How a boy? why did you mistake the word?

*Slen.* No neither, for I came to her in red as you  
bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget, so  
well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.

*Sir Hu.* Ieshu M. *Slender*, cannot you see but marrie

*Pa.* O I am vext at hart, what shal I do? (boyes?)

*Enter Fenton and Anne.*

*Mis. Pa.* Here comes the man that hath deceiued  
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all:

*An.* At Curch forsooth.

*Pa.* At Church, what haue you done there?

*Fen.*

*Fen.* I will do me, nay in heart I hope,  
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.

*Ford.* I saith *M. Page* neuer chafe your selfe,  
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,  
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.

*Fal.* I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced

*Mi. For.* Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,  
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.

*Mis. Pa.* Altho that I haue missed in my intent,  
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,  
Here *M. Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.

*Sir Hu.* Come *M. Page*, you must needs agree.

*Fo.* I ysaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-

*Pa.* I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:

And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.

Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,

Go too you might haue stai d for my good will,

But since your choise is made of one you loue,

Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.

*Sir Hu.* I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-

*Ford.* All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,

And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieast.

He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy

To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,

And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,

For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*,

*Exit omnes.*

*F I N I S.*

The following pages, are from Mr. Huth's copy.

*A pleasaunt Comedie, of*  
 The matter is pud to arbitaments.  
 The first man is M *Page*, videlicet M. *Page*.  
 The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. (tyr.  
 And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

*Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe,*  
*and Nim.*

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.

*Fal.* Now M. *Shallow*, youle complaine of me  
 to the Councell, I heare?

*Shal.* Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper,  
 Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keepers daughter.

*Shal.* Well this shall be answered.

*Fal.* Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this.

This is now answred.

*Shal.* Well, the Councell shall know it.

*Fal.* Twere better for you twere knowne in  
 Youle be laught at. (counsell,

*Sir Hu.* Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.

*Fal.* Good vrdes, good Cabidge.

*Slender* I brake your head,

What matter haue you against mee?

*Slen.* I haue matter in my head against you and  
 your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They  
 carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke,  
 and afterward picked my pocket.

*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke  
 Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?

*Slen.* I by this handkercher did he. Two faire  
 shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill  
 fixpences. *Fal.*

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*?

*Pist.* Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue  
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie  
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

*Slen.* By this light it was he then.

*Nym.* Syr my honor is not for many words,  
But if you run bace humors of me,  
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.

*Fal.* You heare these matters denide gentlemē,  
You heare it.

*Enter Mistresse Foord, Mistresse Page, and her  
daughter Anne.*

*Pa.* No more now,  
I thinke it be almost dinner time,  
For my wife is come to meet vs.

*Fal.* Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,  
If I mistake not.

*Syr Iohn* kisses her.

*Mis. Ford.* Your mistake sir is nothing but in the  
Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.

*Fal.* I shall desire your more acquaintance.  
The like of you good mister is *Page*

*Mis. Pa.* With all my hart sir *Iohn*.  
Come husband will you goe?  
Dinner staies for vs.

*Pa.* With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

*Exit all, but Slender and  
mistresse Anne.*

*Anne.*

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Anne.* Now forsooth why do you stay me?  
What would you with me?

*Slen.* Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncler can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

*An.* You say well *M. Slender*.  
But first you must giue me leaue to  
Be acquainted with your humor,  
And afterward to loue you if I can.

*Slen.* Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

*An.* I cannot tell *M. Slender*, I thinke there be.

*Slen.* Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

*An.* Yes trust me.

*Slen.* Now that's meate and drinke to me,  
He run yon to a Beare, and take her by the muffle,  
You neuer saw the like.  
But indeed I cannot blame you,  
For they are maruellous rough things.

*An.* Will you goe in to dinner *M. Slender*?  
The meate staies for you.

*Slen.* No faith not I. I thanke you,  
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate  
Nere since I broke my shin. He tel you how it came  
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies  
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward  
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

*Enter*



*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
 Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,  
 And I paid nothing for it,  
 But was paid for my learning.

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

*Host.* Why man, where be my horses? where be  
 the Germanes?

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

For I am cousoned and beaten too.

Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore

My selfe at *Primero* : and my winde

Were but long inough to say my prayers,

Ide repent, now from whence come you?

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

The feruent loue I beare to young *Anne Page*,

And mutally her loue againe to mee :

But her father still against her choise,

Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish *Slender*,

And in a robe of white this night disguised,

Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mightie scare,

Must *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Carlisle*,











